THE LIFE OF St. Anthony OF PADOUA.

WITH

The MIRACLES He wrought Both *before*, and *after* his Death.

Written Originally in Italian, *and Now done into* English

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To the *Right Honourable*, and his Moſt Noble Lady, ELIZABETH Counteſs of *Arundel* and *Surrey*.

May it pleaſe your Ladyſhip,

SInce onely High Prieſts are to Sacrifice at High Altars; where all Religious Ceremonies, and Devotion are requir'd, the ſacrifice I now offer might ſeem a little ſtrange to your Ladyſhip, unleſs the devotion, with which it is accompanied remov'd your Honours wonder. The hope of this (Madam) *induced this oblation,*

which no wayes is proportionable to your Ladyſhips high quality, but rather as a monument erected to the memory, and religious ſence I have, of your Ladyſhips Noble favours to me. And ſince no other motive engag'd me in this Offering, what book could I have found, more agreeable, and more ſutable to your Honours condition, where a Life ſo full of Piety, and ſo farr above the common pitch of others, is preſented to your Ladyſhips view. As the Sun therefore (Madame) *when it is at the higheſt, imparts the greateſt benefit to the Earth, ſo your Ladyſhip, I hope (who is in ſo high and ſo eminent a ſphere of*

No-

Nobility, and worth) will impart the rayes, and influence of a favourable Acceptance, to the low endeavours of

Madam,

Your Ladyſhips moſt devoted

and moſt humble

Servant

John Burbury.

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PAge 27. line 13. read Haven, p. 31. l. 12. dele
p. 30. l. 26. r. like actions, p. 42. l. 2. dele *and*, l.
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l. 11. r. traild on.

THE LIFE OF S^t. Anthony OF PADOUA.

The First Chapter.

Europe, which as Queen of the World, does wear as many Crowns on her head, as she hath Royal Cities in her *Lap*, is as glorious for *Lisbone* in *Portugall*, as fam'd for *Rome* in *Italy*. To parallel the one with the other, and say they both are heads of

the Country, both ſeated on the banks of two renown'd rivers; that both in their circuit encompaſs ſeven hills, and for their magnificent Fabricks, the concourſe and traffick of Nations, their riches, and other rare circumſtances, are the wonders of the World, is not now my deſign, nor intention. I only hint this, that in *Liſbone* Sir *Martin Buglione* was born, a Gentleman, who beſides a great fortune to ſupport his eſtate the better, was favour'd by nature with all the endowments of the mind, and the body, to make him moſt accompliſht.

He therefore no leſs famous in the management of war, then of peace, and employ'd in the greateſt commands of the City, and moſt eminent affairs of the publick, was generally held by all in much honour and eſteem. But of all the prerogatives, which rendred him ſo qualified, none was more noble, and more viſible, then his duty and devotion to Heaven.

He like a good Chriſtian, acknowledged from God, whatſoever he had, and with all his heart, giving him dayly thanks, moſt earneſtly beſought him, to give him ſuch a Wife, as might be as conformable to his divine will, as conducing to his own conſolation, and quiet.

Heaven

Heaven heard his prayers, and ſeconded his deſires, for he married a Noble Lady of *Lisbone* called *Mary* of *Taveri*, a pattern of vertue, and living abridgment of what we can wiſh in a Woman. Whereupon in this State they holily contended in the way of perfection, and albeit his Wife was gorgeouſly clad in appearance, in order to the faſhion of the World, yet ſtill ſhe remembred to joyn to her bravery and feaſting, mortification and faſting, and accompany ſoft pleaſures with rough diſciplines and penance.

A fortunate couple, which injoying in each others boſome, the chaſteſt, and moſt Chriſtian delights, neglected not at all the more holy, and more religious rites.

Near their Pallace ſtood a Temple, which in the age and vaſtneſs of the walls, the Magnificent and Royall Fabrick, and in the ſhady horrour of a religious obſcurity, diſcover'd no leſs ſanctity and veneration, then infuſed devotion and reverence. This, called *St. Mary* in the ends of the Earth, and renown'd for the reliques of St. *Vincent*, who lay there entomb'd, was as famous for the ſtructure, as the Concourſe of People flocking thither.

Mary going thither dayly to Mass, mingled frequently her tears with her prayers, and asking God a child to inherit their fortune, shew'd her self a companion, as well in the exercises, as desires of her Her Husband.

Heaven is not inexorable to the prayers of the just. *Mary* therefore conceived, and when the time came, was delivered of a *Son*, whose birth assur'd the Father, the Stars had been propitious, and the Mother full of holy consolation, contained not her self for the grace she had receiv'd. Their joy being therefore imparted to their Friends, they gladly came thither, to admire him in the innocent cradle, who yet in a manner not knowing how to breath, began to give signs of his sanctity. And they feeling themselves inwardly incited, to adore in the East of his forhead the immature raies of a powerfull Sun, began from the manner of his crying to presage in some sort, what his actions would be.

The day of his Baptism was solemn, as well for the great preparation, which every where was splendid in the Pallace of Sir *Martin*; as for the Noble concourse of *l*adies and Gentlemen, which either of his Kindred, or Friends, came to the solemnity.

The

The sacred function was celebrated in the Temple aforesaid, not so much that it seemed decreed, that he who in time was to be a great *Saint*, should receive in a famous sanctuary his baptism, as because that Church was the Parish of *Sir Martin*, and therefore ought to give him the principles of a Christian, who should with his miracles so illustrate Christianity. His Parents desired his name might be *Fernandus*, perhaps in some manner perswaded, a name supposed happy might have some secret vertue of bequeathing felicity to the owner.

As soon as *Fernandus* was Christen'd, and recarried from the Temple to the house of his Father, 'tis probable his Mother taking him into her arms, laid her lips to his face, and kissing him with the fulness of joy, with her eyes rais'd devoutly to Heaven, said the following words. O Lord if the child thou hast favour'd me with, will be for the encrease of thy glory, quicken his tender limbs, and give life to his new blood, that he growing to thy praise, may be a living testimony of the Graces thou hast done me. But if with the eye of thy knowledg, thou seest, as he encreases, he will offend thy goodness, deprive him now of life,

for if he will decline from thy holy Commandements, his body cannot have a better Coffin, then the arms now ſupporting him. 'Tis better he dye, though hardly born, if he live not after death, and advancing in age, adds as many decrees of torments to his Soul, as he multiplies the years of his life. Thou knoweſt what will become of this work of thy hands, and I as a Mother cannot chooſe but weep over this doubt, ſince 'tis the decree of thy will, that no body know whither he be worthy of hatred or love.

And here filling her eyes with tears, we may very well imagine her intent in contemplating on her Son.

Fortunate Mother, if ſhe could have known then, that the boſom beating weakly in her hand, and the heart, which with the motion of her milk, lay panting in her armes, were in time to be the forge of the moſt ardent charity enflaming a Chriſtian, and receptacles of the moſt noble vertues becoming a Gentleman.

Now when they had taken a nurſe into the houſe, that the child by the Parents conſtant preſence together with his milk, might ſuck that education, which was moſt agreable to a *S*on of their family, they uſed

fed all means to breed him with care. In the mean time he grew up, and as it were a picture, in which every day, some new line or other was drawn by the pensil, he dayly more resembled his Father. And he scarce had the use of understanding and reason, when he, exercised by his parents in the acts of Christian piety, began with his weak and pretty hand, to make on his breast the sign of the cross, and fashion his yet stammering tongue, to the pious expressions of verball supplications.

What principles of unspeakable sweetness, would not the name of *Jesus* and *Mary*, infuse into his heart, since God had design'd him, for the most Noble Tabernacle, that contained Religion and Sanctity. What joyes his Angel Guardian would not feel, while he saw him so early to begin, to tread in that pulpit, in which he was to walk like a Giant.

Turn about sooner O Heavens, the unchangeable periods of Years, and hastning the course of the seasons, contract a whole lustre into a single compass of the Sun, for if in *Fernandus* age only is required to make him the wonder of the World, we brook not the delay, but in order to our nature, would have him

work miracles in an inſtant. What ſhall we not ſee, to the glory of our God, as ſoon as this new *Joſuah* ſtops the Sun of his life, in the *Heaven* of the holy Church?

So the Angels would ſay, every time they looking down on the Earth, diſcocer'd nothing thereof greater admiration; the *Fernandus* riper years.

Being ſeven years old, he was ſent to School to that noble Temple of St. *Mary*, and committed to the charge of a vertuous Prieſt, who teaching him no leſs the firſt rudiments, then manners, inſtructed him in all things relating to humanity.

His Parents were much pleaſed, to ſee with what forwardneſs and capacity, he outſtripped his years, in the ſtudies and life of a Chriſtian, ſo as they taking hourly delight, in the living and little Garden of their Son, gave hearty thanks to *Heaven* for the great and rare fruit, they hop'd to have in time, from ſuch young and tender bloſſomes.

But *Fernandus*, on whom a noble Temple was not vainly beſtow'd for a School, learning no leſs uſefull leſſons from the Quire, then his Maſter, when he had made an humble oblation, of his tender age

age to God, ſhar'd equally his hours, among divine offices and his ſtudies. Every one that knew him, admired him, and edifi'd by his good example, extolled his Family and Name.

He lived in this manner to the age of fifteen years, when begining a courſe in the more grave ſciences, he learn'd with all facility, Rherorique; Logique, Philoſophy, and Theology. Can an Angel in behaviour, be otherwiſe then an Angel in wit? Knowledg and goodneſs go often together. *Fernandus* made ſuch progreſſe in theſe ſtudies, that opening to himſelf a broad way, in the ſenſe of the holy Scriptures, he ſtopt there the flight of his deſires, and was at a ſtand, to inebriate his ſoul with contemplating on the moſt hidden myſteries.

But the Devil, who diſcover'd, that the multitude of vertues reſplendent in *Fernandus*, would prove a living machine for the ruine of his Kingdom, as well to repair the damages of hell as obſtruct the benefactors of Chriſtendome, began with ſtrong batteries to try, if he could make a breach in the holy youths heart.

Whereupon ſuggeſting inwardly to him the cogitations of pride, he repreſented to his intellect, how much 'twas misbe-

coming his birth, to performe the baſe actions of a poor religious man, and wholly abandon the exerciſes of a Gentleman. That if God had deſired, he ſhould have been born, to ſerve him in the humbleneſs of religion, he would not have made him deſcend, from a family ſo noble in his country, nor have given him ſuch abundance of wealth. That conſidering he might live like a Gentleman, yet be a good Chriſtian, he ſhould make reflexion, how much better a ſword would appear in his hand then a book, with how much more *decorum*, he might manage a horſe then a pulpit, and how much more glory acquire, by his fighting then diſputing.

Then paſſing to libidinous temptations, he made him remember, how ſolicitous and keen the provocations were of nature, and how proper for one of his age, to ſwim in thoſe pleaſures whoſe unconquerable force, neither *Sampſon*, nor *Solomon*, could withſtand. That to deferr them, without a clear aſſurance to orecome them, was to ſpur on his ſenſes, and induce him to plunge into them with a greater deſire. That finally the ſin of the fleſh, becauſe moſt agreable to humanity, was moſt of all practiſed, and moſt of all pardonable, and ſince he would begin, it being

being impoſſible to refrain all the dayes of his life, 'twould be better to begin, when the fault beſt deſerved compaſſion.

Then he tempted him with gluttony, and framing as ſubtile arguments againſt faſting, as they ſeem'd to be forceable, endeavour'd by all wayes, to divert him from each holy action.

In fine, when *Fernandus* encountring any Lady ſaluted her out of civility, the Devil with illuſions, and ſhews, made her appear fairer to him, and when in the Church he devoutly ſaid his prayers, he ſuggeſting to his thoughts many vanities and diſtractions, diminiſhed the force of his oriſons, When ſhut up in his cloſet, he fell to his ſtudies, *Satan* cauſing him to diſtaſte them, made him careleſs and negligent of the courſe he had begun, and when at the table, to practiſe ſobriety, he abſtain'd from any meat, he ſtirring up his concupiſcible faculty, made the fleſh ſeem more delicate, the ſauce more pleaſing, and the fruit more delicious. Nay even in his bed, when *Fernandus* waſt faſteſt aſleep, th. Devil diſturbing his phancy, with many obſcene and filthy apparitions, endeavourd at leaſt, while he took his reſt, to make him a ſinner.

What

What course wilt thou steer, O *Fernandus*, in so many straights of thy mind, since he that undertook, to dry up the devotion in thy breast, leaves no blast of Hell unattempted.

He prostrating often himself before a Crucifix, whose many bleeding wounds shew'd the greatness of the love, that had brought him to that state, opened two living *Fountains* at the veins of his eyes, and bathing one by one, the remembrances of the graces, even to that very moment received, said probably, as followes.

O my good God, who shall take me from thy sight? who will ever be able to cancell from the sensiblest part of my heart the bloody image I see thee transformed into? shalt thou my Creator, hang naked upon a hard trunk, have thy body all rended with whips and with nails, and breath out thy Heavenly soul, in the bitterness of gall, and of vinegar, and shall I not be able, to endure for thy sake, the mortification of a single desire, the privation of a shew, abstinence from some delicate meat, and the exercise of one humble act? what are Worldly means, the qualities of Gentlemen, the pastimes of loves, and delights of ease and joy,

since

ſince thou born poor in a ſtable, diſcovering thy ſelf abject of condition, blameleſs in behaviour, and an enemy to ſin, didſt do nothing elſe all the dayes of thy life, but ſhew thy ſelf patient, humble, charitable, exemplar, beneficiall, and loving? Ah, my Chriſt, how weak are the arguments of the Devil, in perſwading of Man, in caſe he have recourſe to thy School, and learn of thy Croſs how to anſwer them? Yet Satan can diſpute in that manner, as none without thy Grace, may preſume to convince him. Suffer him not O Lord to darken my intellect. The beginning of all knowledg is to fear thy holy name. Before theſe ſacred feet, which here I adore in all humility, and kiſs, I profeſs I will ſerve thee eternally, and alwaies be mindfull, thou haſt given me my being, and fitted me for thy grace, by cauſing me to be born among thy faithfull people, and given me an underſtanding, a will and a memory, to be able to know, and to love thee, and remember thy benefits. Ile alwayes be mindfull, true nobility is in thee, ſince thou art the Lord of the World, that thou haſt behaved thy ſelf like a true Cavalier, in fighting for me againſt death, and with Hell, and haſt the true delights, ſince in

Heaven

Heaven thou beatifi'ſt the Souls of thy faithfull, in an endleſs felicity, which cannot be expreſſed. Ah behold not my defects, nor the negligences, and careleſneſs of my ſervice and duty, but remembring that I am the work of thy hand, and the price of thy dear blood, help, defend, encourage, and direct me, in the way of thy holy Commandements.

So riſing from the Earth, like another *Antæus*, more vigorous, and ſtronger, he propoſed to himſelf a life more becoming a Chriſtian, inſomuch as reforming his manner of living (though it had been ever faultleſs) he avoided all he could, his companions converſation abhorr'd all licentious diſcourſes, and applied himſelf diligently to hear the word of God. *He* neglected all the pomps and vanities of youth, and contracting a friendſhip with ſilence, and never uſing laughter, was grave compos'd retir'd, and devout.

Satan therefore, who the more he ſaw *Fernandus* withdrawn from the love of the World, endeavoured the more, to hold him the nearer to it with his dayly allurements, invading him with a never ceaſing warr of Temptations, would not let him have one hour of repoſe. Whereupon the holy youth perceiving it was dif-

difficult, to be in the middle of thornes and yet not be prick't, deliberated in the most secure manner, to provide for his life.

Without the City not far from the wals was a Monastery of Canon Regulars, call'd St. *Vincent* of the Order of St. *Augustine*, which as Famous as Exemplar for all things, beseeming a House of Devotion, was by every one esteem'd, a true Sanctuary of Religion, and true harbour of Christian tranquility. To this place *Fernandus* repair'd, and taking there the habit with great edification, added whiteness to his robe with the purity of his manners, and equall'd those religious mens sanctity, with the holiness of his life.

It is not against Piety to believe, that *Fernandus* his dear Parents, beholding an action so remote from their ends, wept at the advice, yet submitting to Gods will, they patiently bore the loss of their *S*on to the World. But in the mean time, his breast-plate no sooner was on, which seem'd to him the fitter to defend him, from each spot of sin by how much the more he saw it all white, but he knowing he had really changed his manner of living, began to lead a life so full of perfection, that we cannot wish a better.

To

To dilate my ſelf in telling his prayers, his Faſtings, Diſciplines, Studies, and contemplations, would be to undertake an impoſſible thing. *Fernandus* remained in that Monaſterie for the ſpace of two years, in the period of which, he thinking the viſits of his Friends diſturbed him much, went into *Cohimbria*, with the leave of his *Superiour*, to the Convent of the Holy Croſs, whoſoever loves truly, loves ſolitude.

There *Fernandus* more then ever, uſing exerciſes of devotion, applyed himſelf particularly to the Scripture, and Pulpit, and ſhewing in his *Sermons* no leſſe lightning of Doctrine, then Sanctity, made a very great impreſſion in the Souls of his auditors.

The Second Chapter.

WHile the Order of the Canon regulars flouriſht thus in *Fernandus*, the Seraphin of *Aſſiſi*, who then was alive, and admired by all the world, was reſplendent with as many living miracles, as the Friars in his new order. The vice of the times had no greater a ſcourge, then

those practisers of penance, who begirt with a course cord, epitomized in themselves, whatsoever lay scattered among the rest of men, that was vertuous and exemplar.

Now the confines of *Europe* were too narrow, for those active fires of Paradise, which concealed in a habit of ashes, did passe into *Africk*, to kindle mens hearts in Christian Religion. Some therefore among others, that went into that Countrey, arriving in the City of *Morocco*, were so zealous in preaching the Gospel, those barbarous people could finde no other way, to quench the growing flames, then by putting them out, with the preachers own blood, so as after several torments they beheaded them at last.

Their fame being therefore grown pretious, by the treasure of their veins cut asunder by the ax, was held in admiration by all, and triumphing in each place, made the name of Martyrs glorious in the City of *Lisbone*.

In the mean time *Don Peter* the Infant of *Portugall*, lay sick in his bed, and was a living hospital to himself, whose disease being wholly incurable, admitted not of hope for a remedy. But when he had heard, many graces were obtained by the

the Martyrs interceſſion, he reſolved to go to *Morocco*, as well as he could, to adore thoſe holy Reliques, and beg ſome compaſſion on his miſeries.

He went, wept bitterly, and prayed, and recovered his health, whereupon in acknowledgment of ſo eminent a favour he caus'd the holy bones to be brought into his Country, which the Citizens of *Lisbon* and the neighbouring Clergy met devoutly in proceſſion. The air no leſſe reſounded with the noiſe of bells, then the roaring of guns, and the concourſe and throngs of the People, together with their joy, ſhewed by ſo much the more their devotion to be the greater, by how much the more, they made it fly to Heaven on the wings of many bonfires.

Fernandus among, other Religious, was preſent at the ceremony, and ſeeing with what characters of holy veneration, they honoured all thoſe, that had dyed for their faith, he ſo earneſtly deſired to be Martyred for Chriſt, that now no other torment, but that of delay, he imagined could be felt. The Fryars of *St. Francis* ran continually in his mind, and conſidering their courſe habit, their exemplary life and heavenly profeſſion, he condemn'd his own garments as too ſoft, and his order as to eaſy.

Fer-

Fernandus ſuppoſing he could not better imitate Chriſt, then by practizing a voluntary poverty, began to nouriſh thoughts of changing his life, and frequenting the *Franciſcans*, diſcover'd his deſire of receiving their habit, in caſe the ſuperiour would permit him, to go preach to the Infidels.

The propoſition pleas'd thoſe Fathers, for they knowing by his exemplary life, with what zeal and what *S*pirit, *Fernandus* was incited to that enterprize, preſaged from his tranſplantation, the fruits of greater glory to Chriſtendom. Having therefore diſcuſſed it with the Guardian, *Fernandus* was received without oppoſition, whereupon he no ſooner heard the news, but with joy overflowing in tears, began to beg the leave of his ſuperiour, in the monaſtery of the holy croſs, which was with great difficulty obtained, ſince *S*atan, who ſaw that from the croſs, he would go to be crucified, feared no leſs his own loſſes, then a new Martyrs triumphs.

So going in the company of the Friars, to a monaſtery of St. *F*rancis called *St. Anthony*, he ſoon put on their cloath, in the mixture of whoſe homely thrids he ſaw interwoven humility, and thinking it meet,

while

while he changed his life, to change his name, taking it from the convent, which he took his habit, he desired name of *Anthony* for the future.

Now when he had compleated in himself this religious Metamorphosis, saw he was begirt with the cord, which he certainly believed, would drag him Martyrdom, who is able to expresse tenderness of his heart, and the amorous extasies of his Soul? Being entered new cell, where on every side he saw thing but an emptiness, caus'd by a poverty, 'tis probable, he prostrating himself with great zeal on the earth, kissing weeping devoutly the ground, then sighing out his Soul, said as followes.

My Christ! Now I am in that sphear where I may, as I desire, shew my love to be active. Now I am in the way where 'tis not hard for me, to follow thy footsteps. The solitude of these walls this naked straw-bed, and this wretched and contemptible habit, what are they but mute Masters, which teach me with the tongue of an eloquent silence, what thou hast endured for me, and how for my sake, thou hast liv'd? My affections therefore aspire to higher marks. I am in this state for thy sake, but I am not con-

nt. One pricking alone of thy thornes, rpasses farr in torments all the mise- es I can suffer. *S*hall I before mine eyes, ave thee alwayes crucified, and think I o enough, to wear a course habit for thy ke, lye upon a hard bed, and have an nfurnisht, and melancholy Cell? Shall be so mad, to think with short fastings, old disciplines, and distracted supplicati- ns, I can fulfill the duties of penance, of hich thou art a pattern to me, on the Crosse? Ah, no my God. To be beaten y Infidels, shed my blood at a thousand arge wounds, and leave my neck under n ax, are the true imitations, whereby in ome sort, I may follow thy foot steeps. Give me grace, O my Lord, to go a- mongst the barbarousest nations of *Afrique*, where there are so many Creatures, who have not yet tasted the fruits of thy Redemption. Ah, if the veins of this my poor body, might be worthy to be emp- t'd for confessing thy name, and to wash with their streams, the sins but of one of those souls, who would be happier then me, and shew a devouter, and dutifuller love towards thee.

These, or such expressions of affection the Saint uttered in his new Cell, as soon as he had taken the desired possession.

Where-

Whereupon when he had ſtayed there
while, ſtill perfecting more himſelf in t
works of a true Son of St. *Francis*, as
ceaſed not to minde his Superiours of
promiſed leave, to go preach to the Infide
ſo at laſt he obtained it.

He therefore taking ſhipping for
frique ſcarce toucht that unfortuna
ſhore, but infected with that mercileſſe a
which venemous peradventure, impart
firſt its poyſon, to make him fall ſic
was forc't to keep his bed a whole winte
being no leſſe inprofitable for the welfa
of others, then doubtful and in danger o
his own.

Behold O Saint, a beds become a Pul
pit to inſtruct thee. Dilate now thy ſe
on the arguments of thy languiſhing ſtat
if thou wilt know the excellency of th
Martyrdom, to which peradventure, tho
haſt boldly directed thy thoughts. Be
lieveſt thou perhaps, to ſuffer death fo
Chriſt, is ſo ordinary a favour that every
one may ask it? Doeſt ſee how with th
heat of a lingering feaver, God was pleas'd
to teach thee, how vain is the chilneſs o
thy mind, which hath without deſert,
pretended to a treaſure ſo great? 'Tis
much if thou do'ſt not dye lazily in thy
bed, for a puniſhment of thy boldneſs.

thou

thou, who aſpired'ſt to be crucifi'd by Infidels.

Such a ſenſe of humility revolv'd in his mind, muſt needs have encreaſed the afflictions of our infirm Saint, while farr from his Countrey, in a Land no leſs inhoſpitable, then faithleſſe, he was as well a ſufferer in his ſickneſſe, as journey. Whereupon without doubt, it was no leſſe a pittiful, then Chriſtian like ſpectacle, to the eyes of the aſſiſtants, to ſee a body laid on a heap of bare ſtraw, and in a courſe habit little differing from hair cloth, in which contending equally the delicacy of his blood and complection, augmented his diſeaſe, and the compaſſion of others.

Now when the *Saint* had ſeen that *Afrique* unwilling to reſtore him to his health, continu'd his infirmity, he was forc'd to reſolve, to returne into his Countrey, being ſure his native ſoyl, would be as kind and healthful to him, as that barbarous climate had been cruel and unwholeſome. He therefore embarquing himſelf ſteer'd his courſe towards *Portugal*.

The Sea was ſo quiet and ſtill, that reſembling azure milk, it ſeemed the rennet of an immoveable calm, had made it ceaſe

ceaſe flowing, inſomuch as it ſporting with the curl'd and pleaſant winds, had its watery boſome onely fann'd with gentle gales. O what fine ſayling 'tis O Saint now thy fortune by changing her wont, ſhews her kindneſs to thee.

But no ſooner the ſails, in their untimely ſwelling, had conceived a proſperous voyage, which every one there had promiſed to himſelf, but a little cloud appearing toward the *South*, gave ſignes of a tempeſt enſuing.

The Horizon from that ſide is now cover'd with thick clouds, The Sea now murmurs at the blowing of the wind, which comes to diſturb his repoſe, and by little and little, becoming white through rage, begins to foam, and ſtorm. The waves crow'd together, and ſwell to the bigneſs of the clouds, and being the more furious, by how much the more hoary, become moving mountains, whence they tumbling with terrour among liquid precipices, force the ſhip to change her courſe, and ſteer towards *Sicily*.

Whither carries thee, O Pilgrim thy fortune, which being not content, by having in *Afrique* diſputed thy health, forbids thy returne into *Portugall*? *St. Anthony* ſaw the menaces of the boiſterous winds,

in

in the pale and fearfull marriners faces, and counted the assaults of an imminent death, in the bouncings of the vessel, that was ready to sink.

If my faults, O God, are the blustering tempests, that endanger this Ship, drown me alone in the swallowing Waves, since I, who have offended thy infinite goodnesse, deserve no less Sepulcher then a Sea. At the most, little dammage will accrue to Mankind by my loss, who by reason of my sickness, fill a place to no use among the living. I know the greatest weight oppressing now this vessel, is my feeble carkass, which as a heap of bones, in which there is nothing but misery, drawes upon it self the anger of the Elements, and invokes the indignation of the stars. Ah O Lord, have pitty on these thy sad Creatures, and let them not be drowned, for having in their company, a remnant of corrupton.

In this manner spake St. *Anthony*, and in the mean time, the vessell encountring with many raging blasts, got safe in the end into the Haven of *Sicily*. There the sick Saint disenbarqued himself, and giving thanks to God, that he had been pleased to preserve him still alive, remained some dayes, and during his stay,

receiving advice, a general chapter should be held in the City of *Assisi*, he desired to go thither.

He therefore advancing to the place, though wholly infirm, 'tis piety to believe, the dangers, and incommodities he met on the way, were not light, and such as peradventure, he could not have or'ecome, if God, who was enamour'd of him, as foreseeing his sanctity, had not favoured, and assisted him particularly.

Now come to *Assisi*, and the chapter at an end, as our St. was unknown, and by reason of his infirmity, supposed to be useless, no convent was assigned to him, as to each other Friar. Whereupon when he saw, he was the refuse of the order, and neglected, and abandon'd by all he recommended himself to the provinciall of *Romagna*, and entreated he might go along with him.

St. *Anthony* was young, not in holy orders, a stranger, and held for an Ideot, but the provinciall discovering in his countenance, a certain Air of Nobleness and sanctity, took him willingly with him, and gave him a lodging in a convent, called the Mount of St. *Paul*,

This place was little less then a desart, and

and ſeated in the ſolitude of a very thick wood, which being nothing elſe but a labyrinth of boughs, made it rather appear an encloſure for beaſts then a dwelling for men.

Happy ſhades (St. *Anthony* peradventure brake forth, as ſoon as he ſaw it from far) under whoſe lovely ſilence, I ſhall with delight, and more clearneſs, ſee the Sun of my dear Chriſt. What thanks owe I not to his goodneſs, ſince after ſo dangerous, and long a peregrination, he hath conducted me to ſo peaceable a Heaven, that I could not wiſh a quieter? If theſe are the rewards, O my God, of the will I have had, to dye for thy ſake, and for having long'd after the perſecutions of all *Afrique*, the cruelties of the barbarouſeſt Nations, and the terrour and dangers of the horribleſt monſters, thou refuſeſt me Martyrdome, by making me injoy a ſweet quietneſs in this place, thou can'ſt not hinder me, from being a Martyr. Ile make the ſcorchingſt ſunne boile my fleſh in my one ſweat, and be inſtead of that burning furnace, in which I ſuppoſed to be roſted by the Infidells. I'le make the Coldeſt *January* fley off alive my skin, with the edge of his ſharp froſts, and ſerve for the raſors I expected

from *Afrique*. I'le make the raging hunger devour within my bowels, the most substantiall parts of my body, and serve for the teeth of those beasts, which I imagined to be given for food by thy enemies. In fine, I will make bloody disciplines do the office of those Hangmen, by whom I expected to be scourged incessantly. No, no, O my Lord, thou canst not refuse me to be Martyr'd, since my heart is so enamour'd of thy passion, and desires in that manner to imitate thee, in the hard, and bloody way of thy Cross.

With these affections, each one of which deserved a Paradise for reward, our St. enter'd into that monastery, where applyed by his superiour, to the basest and contemptiblest exercises, the diligence with which he performed his duty, surpasses all expression.

'Tis therefore very probable, that the Devil beholding his proceedings with too envious an eye, and invading him sometimes in the heat of his actions, suggested to his thoughts in this manner.

When thou didst leave the World, it was not thy purpose, to come to wash the dishes of the order, nor to sweep away the filth of the convent, but thy end with

without doubt, was for preaching the Gospell to souls, and administring the Sacraments, for the benefit of all. To lose thy self now in works of this kind, which aime at nothing else, but the infimousest services, the body requires, is as great an impediment to thy holy intentions, as a cosenage of the Devil, who excusing thy unprofitable idleness, with the colour of holy obedience, holds thee fast in these contemptible affaires, that spending in them the beauty of thy life, thou maist be defrauded of the merit, thou mightest have acquired in actions becoming a true religious Man. And what avails it thee, to have mortified the flower of thy youth, with the discipline of studies, and abandoned the World, where with a single almes thou mightest have equalled the reward of many spirituall exercises, if after thy arrivall in the cloister, thou onely wast to serve, for the washing of the Kitchen, the watering of the Garden, and pruning of the Trees? Ah O *Anthony*, disengage thy self from these base employments, and consider thou art now a scullion to one, who would have thought himself very highly preferred, to have served in thy house for a Porter.

But *St. Anthony*, who knew from what root, theſe thoughts guilded with a fained zeal, were derived, with his armes folded hard before a crucifix, performed more then ever, the vileſt affaires of the convent; and accompanying his infinious employments with high contemplations, and mortifying his body with faſtings, and keeping it waking with diſciplines, did verefie the ſaying, that every thing is ſweet and conquerable to a paſſionate lover.

Frequently when weary with digging, he ſate in the Garden, in ſome coole and pleaſant ſhade, and tempered the heat of his labours, with the harmony of devout ſupplications, he conſidered what diverſity of vegetables, that little ſpot of cultivated Earth, ſuſtained in her boſom, and perpended in his mind, by what ſubterranean veines that nouriſhing moyſture paſſed which feeding the ſeverall ſeeds, made them break forth into ſprouts, ſtalks, and leaves, which likewiſe receiving a different organization, were diſtnguiſht the one from the other, by their variety of colours, and figure.

Who hath given the luſtre (he ſaid to himſelf) to the leaves of that flower, which

which carv'd with ſuch diligence, and environed in ſuch order, make a little globe of wonders, each Philoſopher admires? From what breathing places of Paradiſe, come the odours to perfume it in that manner, that it made Aromaticall by nature, as likewiſe a carkaſs, appeares to be embalm'd? O God, come ye Monarches of the Earth, ye, who with ſuch boldneſs, boaſt of doing each great thing, and try if ye are able but to make a little flower. And thou O my God, who on the face of the Earth, feedeſt infinite Trees and plants, and when thou hadſt created the nobility of the Angels, the People and of Men, and the rout of living Creatures, ſitteſt governing the univerſe, and holding the vaſt Machine of the Earth hanging over the waters, preſcribeſt the confines to the Ocean, and regulateſt the motions of the Heavens and Stars, ſeeſt thou not all things, meaſureſt not all things, and art not the life and underſtanding of all things? Thou, who ſitting on a throne inlaid all with Stars, haſt the Sun for thy Canopie, and the Chriſtalline Skie for thy Tabernacle, art not thou onely great, the true King, and true God? And who is more beautifull then thee O my Redeemer

deemer, who with a ſingle ſmile mak'ſt the dawning of the day every Morning in the Eaſt? who is more ſweet, and more delicious, ſince with a blaſt of warme, and gentle air, thou doſt recreate the World, and infuſe life into it? And when I remember the profeſſion I make, to ſerve ſo great a God, ſhall not I be quite diſſolv'd into tears, with thinking how little I do? what are without thy grace, O my God, theſe exerciſes, theſe prayers, theſe ſcourges, and theſe abſtinences, but the forces of a ſenſleſs little worme, and pretences of an Atome ſcarce diſtinguiſht from nothing.

And here the fair teares trickling down hot and thick from his eyes, he ſob'd at theſe humble remembrances.

Such were the Chriſtian-like leſſons, which *St. Anthony* dayly learnt in that rurall School of the convent of St. *Paul.* Whereupon when ſome Moneths were expired, his Superiours admiring the ſanctity of his life, and knowing he deſired to be in holy orders, ſent him to that effect towards *Forli*, together with other Clarks in the Company of the Guardian.

It happened as he travailed with ſome religious Men of St. *Dominiques* order, his

his Guardian had a humour, to command him to preach, perhaps to make trial of his ſuppoſed ſimplicity, and have ſome occaſion to laugh at his pretended ignorance. But when he had excuſed himſelf ſo farr, that it lookt like diſobedience, he ſitting in a chair, began to ſpeak ſo learnedly, that he in his diſcourſe, contracting the learning, the Emphaſis, and eloquence of a hundred other Preachers, confounded ſo his audience, that they loading him with prayſes, and bleſſings, cryed him up for one of the famouſeſt Men of their order at that time. The newes of it therefore arriving the Provincial, (our St. now being free from his ſickneſs) he granted him leave to go preach, now he was in holy orders.

The Third Chapter.

Italy at that time was a miſerable ſtage, on which all calamities attended with ſorrow were acted to the life. Overflow'd by a deluge of forrain Arms, which pour'd down upon her from the *Alps* out of *Germany*, no beam of the Sun could be ſeen, which ſtain'd with the reflexion of their glit-

glittering weapons, did not form in the Air ſtreaks of light threatning terrour. Amazement and horror went hand in hand together, and the ſeveral miſchances of burnings and rapines, together with the various cuſtoms, rites, and languages of the barbarous Warriers, cauſed ſo horrible and univerſal a confuſion, that the Countrey on this ſide the *Rhetian Alps* reſembled a tempeſtuous ſea, on which floated, turn'd upſide down, both divine and humane things. But that which moſt of all ſuſtain'd an irreparable loſſe, was the purity of the Catholick faith, which infected with the contagion of hereſy, lay languiſhing in the arms of impiety, and the hainouſeſt ſacriledges.

Theſe things perpended by St. *Anthony*, imprinted in his minde ſuch troubled imaginations, as repreſented *Italy* to him more monſtrous and barbarous then *Africk* it ſelf; inſomuch as he comparing in his heart both the countries together, rather wiſhed himſelf (now he had leave to preach) in the wildeſt and inhoſpitableſt corners of *Mauritania*, then in the moſt populous cities of *Italy*.

Whereupon, before he would prepare himſelf for ſo high an undertaking, as that to preach to people infected with Hereſie,

Hereſie, he deſired with the leave of his Seraphical Superiour, to make a new courſe in Theologie in *Vercelli*, under the Abbot of Saint *Andrew*, a very famous Doctor.

Thither therefore he went, and turning again Scholar, more for the love of God than of learning, by which he knew God, he knew very well that nothing was more fit to raiſe him to Heaven than the wings of contemplation, which alwayes mounts high, ſo as too for that, to be the more apt and more nimble, he making himſelf meager with diſciplines, and reduced by faſting to the form of pure ſpirit, made the axiome moſt true, that every light thing tends upward. Often in the heart of the longeſt nights, when ſilence and darkneſſe have the greateſt dominion on the face of the earth, he watching in his Cell by the light of a lamp profoundly contemplated, with what reſtleſſe motion that little flame aſpired to its ſphear, which tyed to a poor and vile week, with the ſlippery knots of an unctuous liquour, and made a bright ſcourge of the Air round about it, extended it ſelf into the form of a Pyramid, the better to aſcend, and ſhew'd with what diſquietneſſe to it ſelf it deſired to go to its centre. Wherefore

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ſighing very deeply to himſelf, he ſaid in this manner. Art thou, O *Anthony*, a famous Doctors *S*cholar, and yet haſt a lamp to inſtruct thee? What are the blazing qualities of that tongue of fire, but mute, yet powerful leſſons, from which thou receiveſt the more light, by how much the more it ſhews thee with its motions, what way thou ſhouldeſt take to know God.

And here adding deluges of tears to thoſe reflexions on the flames, he bewailed his own weakneſſe, and the negligence of his not neglected talent.

He ſtudying in this manner, in a ſhort time ſo profited, that now he ſurpaſſed in ſcience the Abbot his Maſter, and to the aſtoniſhment of the ſtudents his Companions, arriv'd to comprehend, what others were not capable of. His intellect become an epitomized Heaven, beheld in it internally the eſſence Divine, and as if God, ineffable, and uncircumſcribed, could be limited and terminated by humane capacity, he contemplated his qualities and attributes, with ſo vigorous and ſtrong an apprehenſion, that he wanted but little of identifying himſelf, in the knowledg of him.

So arrived to that height in Theology, that his amazed Maſter made publique en-

encomiums of him, he ended the course of his studies, and began to consider, 'twas now necessary for him, to follow the exercises of preaching.

St. *Anthony* was devoted to the Mother of God, and in his greatest needs, finding no better counsell, nor help, then what he received by her holy Protection, who is able to express the affectionate prayers, with which he recommended himself unto her, while he by the means of his disciplines and fastings, prepared himself in all hast for his Sermons?

He now therefore being fortifi'd with Heavenly assistance, and arm'd with all the necessary preparations for so high a vocation, went abroad through the neighbouring Towns, as a Trumpet of the Gospel, reproving all the vices of Men. Whereupon he not retarding, to *Eccho* from the Rocks of the most obdurate hearts, the prayses of the great good he did, was by his Superiors sent Guardian to *Limoges*, a City in *France*, to the end with his works, and his Preaching, he might convert the hereticks, living there in great numbers. He therefore going thither, made good in that manner, the opinion had of him, that the miracles he there wrought, clearly witnessed his works.

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No buſineſs whatſoever could hinder him from performing exactly, both the office of a Preacher and Guardian. And when ſuch important affaires met together, as at the ſame time required his preſence in two ſeverall places, with a wonder unheard of, by the Heavenly vertue infuſed into him, at once he was preſent both at this, and that action. Hear this O Nations, and with wonder be immoveable.

'Twas the Night of good Friday, and thoſe dark and black hours added mourning to the funerall of our Saviour, at what time the Saint bewayling in the Pulpit, the dolefull remembrance of his paſſion, wept abundantly perhaps of ſet purpoſe, to waſh the peoples ſins, then liſtening to him. He belaboured himſelf in recounting that ſad tragedy, each ſyllable of which pierc't his ſoul with moſt ſenſible torments, and parallelling Chriſts love, and the ingratitude of ſinners, inveigh'd againſt the wickedneſs of Man, and his negligence in order to the holy Commandements.

But St. *Anthony* in the fulneſs, and height of his diſcourſe, when his auditory more attentive and perſwaded, gave liquid aſſurances of their hearty repentance

tance, by the tears trickling down from their cheeks, remembring that he was to read a leſſon of the mattins, which the Friars were reciting at that time in the quire, raiſed his thoughts up to Heaven, and ſaid. O Lord, the Pulpit, and quire demand me at once, how can I ſupply both this and that place, if my body be not multiplied beyond the courſe of nature? Ah O Lord, do thou, who canſt double the Sun, and create a Thouſand Worlds if thou pleaſeſt, permit me without interruption, to perform both theſe functions.

O wonders deſerving to be written with the Characters of Stars, that they may ever ſhine in the face of eternity! He no ſooner had expreſſed in his heart, this his holy conception, but without going out of the Pulpit, he appeared in the quire, and ſang the ſaid leſſon.

Now here to enquire by the means of Philoſophy, how that could come to paſs, and with a refined underſtanding, ſearch, and trace out the formes, which make ſuch life-actions ſubſiſt, would doubtleſs be a boldneſs, as vain as tenerarious. My wayes, and your wayes are not alike, ſaith God by the mouth of his Prophet. who is able to diſcover the path of a ſhip

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on the Sea, of a bird in the Air, or of a Serpent on the Earth? And if we fail in that, may we not juſtly think, he is not a good Chriſtian, that would know by naturall reaſons, how the Heavenly power operates? Ah the works of God ſhould be held in veneration, and not queſtioned.

In *Mompeliers* afterwards the like admiration was cauſed by St. *Anthony*, while he preaching in the Dome, went and ſang an *Alleluja* belonging to him, in the quire of his convent, without ſtirring out of the Pulpit. In our St. was made good, what is uſually ſaid of good friends, who highly to oblige one another, would gladly have two lives, for he loving God infinitely, obtained the favour to pluralize himſelf in his ſervice.

But with what affections, may we ſuppoſe he thanked his Heavenly Majeſty every time he himſelf amazed at his own miracles, beheld he was favoured among Men, with qualities onely ſutable to the inhabitants of Paradiſe? I may peradventure conceive, but cannot deſcribe the tenderneſs, cordiality, and trances of this Saint, who ſometimes through abundance of ſweetneſs, drowned in a Sea of tears, enjoyed the Shipwracks of Hea-

Heaven in the Ocean of his ſorrow.

In the convent at *Mompelier* was a novice, a voluntary, but unfortunate priſoner, who thinking all the happineſs of this life, conſiſted in ſecular liberty, imagined all the thrids of his habit, were as ſo many ſtrings, which bound him to a hatefull obedience. Battered therefore with the ſtones of the walls, the confines of his walk, he lookt not on their whiteneſs, but his countenance growing pale, he bewailed that election, as too inconſiderate, which had obliged him, to ſequeſter perpetually himſelf from the World.

What a madneſſe is it (ſaid he) for a man, who receiving from God, a vaſt globe for his dwelling, will reform as it were a worke not to be mended, and circumſcribe his reſidence within the narrow limits of a little ſpot of Ground, and declaring himſelf worthy of an everlaſting priſon, will carry the puniſhment of his vanity, in the mortification of his life without end? If God could not be ſerv'd, but in Monaſteries, either no ſecular perſon could be ſav'd, or the face of the Earth, would abound with ſacred cloiſters. Is mans life ſo exempt from diſaſters, that it muſt be held convenient, to

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adde to diſeaſes, to penury, misfortunes, and perſecutions, and a voluntary chaſtity, poverty, and odedience? An exact obſervance and devotion in each ſenſe, more peculiar to Angels then men? And why in the time of the ſpring, doth nature preſent thee with a world of fine flowers, if to mortifie thy ſmelling, thou turn'ſt away thy face from the Roſe, which perfuming the air with aromatical blaſts, ſcatters fragancies up and down about its thornes? to what end doth a skilful muſitian, with the bow of a citterne, endeavour to ſhoot the through thy ears to the heart, if thou deaf to the muſique prolonging thy life, preferreſt before the ſwetneſs of ſinging, the blubberings of tears? To what purpoſe in the Countenance of a beautiful woman, hath God repreſented the ſimilitude of a bright ſhining morning, if looking another way, thou avoideſt that ſight, which the ſtars themſelves ſometimes may envie? Ah tis meer fooliſhneſs, to be more obſervant, and exacter, then then God doth command, and to ſeem to be wiſer, and more abſtinent then is ſutable to mans nature. Abandon then, abandon thy order, and let it lay no burthen on the ſhoulders of him, who carries his own weight very hardly.

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With these conceptions (provocations peculiar to the Devil) the poor religious man so disquieted himself, that resolv'd now to cast of his habit, he designed now to run from the Covent. St. *Anthony* coming thither at that time, and knowing by divine inspiration, of the tempest of his minde, in which he was about to shipwrack his salvation, was mov'd by his disaster to pitty, and going to him lovingly, and opening his mouth, as if he had the power to infuse a new soul into him, said O son, receive the Spirit of God. And so breathing into his throat, made him fall to the ground in a swound, then strecht out his hand for the raising of him up, while the novice in the presence of many other of the Friars, awakned as it were out of a sleep, began to cry out, that he had been in paradise, and seen, &c. but the Saint commanded him to be silent, causing him ever after to be freed from that temptation.

The fame is very great of the aged *Ezechiel*, the prayses of whom are sung on a harp whose strings are the sphears, and whose rose is the sun, for having with a blast restored to life, a mountain of mens bones. But St. *Anthony* to our greater amazement, so far hath surpassed this miracu-

raculous action, as 'tis harder to give a new life to one alive, then to animate one dead. And how could he ever, more powerfully ſhew himſelf, an imitatour of Chriſt in his works, unleſs by repleniſhing his Diſciples, with the ſpirit of ſalvation, by the vertue of a blaſt, as we read our *S*aviour did, when incarnated he converſed with men.

Equal to this, if not greater, was the miracle, he wrought a while after in the Abbey of *Simoniaque*, in the Biſhoprick of *Limoges*, where a Monke then reſided, the piety of whoſe life incenſed the *D*evil, and caus'd the foul fiend to employ againſt him, all the inſtigations and enticements to ſin, which his cunning could deviſe But he knowing eſpecially the Temperament and genius of the monke, enflamed him ſo with the temptations of the fleſh, that the poor religious man burning vehemently with luſt, found no eaſe to his torments. *I*f he either ſaid his office in the quire, pray'd in his cell, or mortify'd himſelf with faſtings and diſciplines, the Devil with a never ceaſing war of filthy allurements, would not let him have a minute of repoſe.

What ſhall I wretch do (he ſaid in his heart) if the waves of my tears, and the blood

blood of my ſtripes, can neither extinguiſh, nor mitigate the heat, that conſumes me? To carry a fire in my boſom, which the moſt devout ſuffrages, a Chriſtian can apply, can do no good againſt, is a kind of Damnation reſembling that of hell.

So the Monke bewailed himſelf, and was in the height of his afflictions, as *St. Anthony* arrived at that convent, the fame of whoſe ſanctity was now become great. To him having therefore recourſe, and earneſtly commending himſelf, he retired with him into a place apart, and falling very ſadly at his feet, confeſſed the commotion of his ſenſes, and beſought him for Gods ſake, to aſſiſt him.

St. Anthony commiſerating in him, the deplorable condition of Man, deveſted himſelf of his tunick, and giving it to him to put on, as if the touch of that, had had the ſame virtue with his body, imparted in that manner his own chaſtity to him, that the Monke never after all the dayes of his life, felt the leaſt provocation of the fleſh, as he often weeping tenderly had publiquely avouched, and affirmed. Then the prayſes of the St. being ſpread o're all *France*, for this thing alone, and

with reaſon, cauſ'd it to be envi'd by all the other Kingdoms of *Europe*, but that ſucceeding to Gods greater glory, did likewiſe ſucceed to the greater conſolation of all.

The Fourth Chapter.

GReat and glorious actions *France* often hath beheld, but of all She ever ſaw, none was ſo full of admiration, as that *Julius Cæſar* preſented to her of himſelf.

To ſee, that nature had formed a man, the leaſt of whoſe thoughts deſign'd the revolution of a World. To conſider, that his head, and his heart gave nouriſhment to ſpirits, which bequeathing life and motion to Armies, ruin'd provinces, and Kingdomes. To reflect, that at laſt, he diſdaining common victories o're Men, undertook the Dominion of the Elements, made the French raiſe as many Arch Triumphalls to his valour, as were the wondering eyes, that beheld him.

But let the wonders wrought by *Julius Cæſar* yield to thoſe done in *France* by St. *Anthony*. For if 'twas a wonder, that a Man

Man armed with steel, accompanyed by Millions of Souldiers, and feared by all *Europe*, should trample upon crowns, erect, and throwe down empires, and Kingdoms, and give, and then take away Scepters; 'tis a farr greater wonder, that a poor, contemned, and mortified Friar, should tame the wills of others, represse their desires, instruct their understandings, and heal their sore consciences. 'Twas a farr greater wonder, that a barefooted Friar, girt about with a cord, abject, and unknown, should bear the sway o're nature, have command o're the Devils, dispence Heavens treasures, and reconcile souls unto God. But why should I weary my self, to Parallell *Cæsars* deeds, and St, *Anthonies*, since the miracle of a hair will obscure all the actions of that Roman.

In the City of *Limoges* resided a Woman, who indifferently handsome of body, but rich in all the qualities of the mind, which become a good Christian, professed her self a servant to all the religious, but particularly to *St. Anthony*. She therefore watching all opportunities to serve him, sometimes stole away the time from her household affaires, and spending it devoutly in order to his ser-

vice,

vice, very diligently attended him. But her husband, besides his ill condition, was jealous of her, insomuch as he tormented with that internall fury, which distracted still his mind, no meat did him good, no sleep appeased his thoughts, nor pastime could please him.

His face being therefore grown lean, and deformed, he lookt like a fury, and abusing his wife, and often upbrayding her, with her waiting on *St. Anthony*, would beat her sometimes, commanding her straightly to desist from his affaires.

But she thinking the reprehensions of her husband, would turn to her advantage, gave him leave to vent his fury, and attended on *St. Anthony*, whose busness having once stai'd her longer then usually, till the obscurity of the night, began no less to darken the World, then her husbands understanding, she no sooner got home, but he firmly concluding, her stay had been dishoneſt, in that it was sheltred by the darkness, and would not brooke the light as he thought, resolved to kill her, assaulting her to that end with a dagger.

Death thundering on the point of his weapon, now threatned to make it self a way in her innocent bosom, when the blow

blow ſtopt by ſome that came in between them, gave the mad man an occaſion, when he ſaw, he was hinder'd of his purpoſe, to ſeize with his left hand on her hair, which with a helliſh fury he pulled quite off from the roots. His innocent wife felt as many piercing torments in her heart, as the hairs were ſhe loſt, inſomuch as ſhe afflicted, not ſo much becauſe depriv'd of that part, which ſerves as a crown to the beauty of Women, as becauſe the want of it (cuſtom ſo prevailing with them, that cut off their hair) was a teſtimony of infamy. When ſhe had laid together her locks, ſhe weeping very bitterly o're them, ſent to call the next Morning to St. *Anthony*, and telling him how unfortunate ſhe was, ſo tenderly bewail'd her diſaſters, that the Saint mov'd to pitty returned to his Convent, and caus'd all the Friars to pray joyntly for her.

And behold, when they were in the midſt of their prayers, the Woman appeared in the Church, who, as ſhe every morning uſed to do, came to do her devotions. Whereupon the Saint meeting her, and taking her hair into his hands, which ſhe ſtill carried with her, having ſtayed till the people there preſent, had

encompaſt him round, ſaid probably as followeth. Be of comfort, O Daughter, Whoſoever hath his conſcience free from ſin, is ſecured from the hurt of the body. The purity of thy affection to God, fulfills thoſe words in thee, that his friends ſhall not ſuffer ſo much, as the loſs of a hair, which we ſhall ſee verified here. Having ſaid ſo, he no ſooner put the hairs on her head, but they, as if receiving both Spirit and life, grew again in their places, and covering the skin, made the Woman ſeem unhurt.

Each hand can deſtroy, but to build is onely proper for a workman. Whoſoever mends a veſſel, is Maſter of the trade, or of the ſame profeſſion. Every Man can deprive another of life, but no man, though a Monarch, can make a hair regrow, when once 'tis faln off. O fortunate St. *Anthony*, who renewing humane bodies, ſhewed clearly to all, he was his diſciple, who made all the World. Thoſe hairs ſet together again, were ſo many golden Teſtimonies to the husband, of the innocence and purity of his Wife. Whereupon he aſhamed, becauſe he had been drawn by the hair, as well to the Love due to her, as the neceſſary reſpect to the Friars, changed his life, and behaviour,

haviour, repairing the ſavageneſs, he ſhewed to his neighbour, with as many acts of kindneſs, and affection.

Fame therefore become a blazing Star to the glories of St. *Anthony*, made his name ſo renowned, that the People from all parts concurring to hear him, erected living ſtatues to his prayſes, to the number of the Men in the Temples and Streets, immoveable out of wonder, inſomuch as he forced to preach in the ſpatiouſeſt piazze, gave the People occaſion, to ſet up ſeats and ſcaffolds round about them, to the end, that conveniency, and eaſe of their bodies, might raiſe their attention, and be of more advantage, and profit to their Souls.

But the Devil, who ſtormed at the good, Mankind did receive from St. *Anthony*, contrived in what manner, to diſturbe his proceedings, reſolving very helliſhly, after many deſignes, to make the people pay for their ſetting.

Shall a Friar, ſaid he, whoſe onely deſert conſiſts in his cord, which ſhould ſeem to hang him, ſubvert my Dominion, and make the prey eſcape, which was in my hands as it were? And ſhall Heaven, depriving an Angel of it's favour, capacitate a Man to ſurpaſs him in merit,

and condition? The remembrance of theſe things torments me extreamly. Who hath given that eloquence to his tongue, which reſembling a Thunderbolt to the moſt obdurate hearts, inſenſibly overthrowes the moſt ſetled, and fixedeſt reſolutions, which another had made to follow my dictates,? Shall the breath of a mouth which naturally blowes cold, be ſuch a gentle Air, and ſo vitall to the World, that infuſing new ſpirits into Men, it ſhall carry them to new cuſtomes, and new actions? Shall the jawes of a poor, and weak Friar, be ſuch dreadfull dens to me, that with the leaſt breath of a word, they ſhall have the power to ruine the harveſt, where I hoped to reap great ſtore of loſt Souls? But let it not be ſaid, I am injured, and to weak to conquer this enemy. I'le make thoſe that hear him, feel the greatneſs of my power, and fall for a puniſhment of their vanity, into a pit of ſorrowes, and torments.

Thus the Devil watched all oportunities to compaſs his ends.

On the other ſide *St. Anthony*, full of fervour and zeal, gave devout, and affectionate thanks every minute to God, for the good he did to ſouls, and in his underſtanding was united to him, that of-

often by ſpeciall favour, he foreſaw future things. Whereupon he diſcovering what the Devil had deſigned, in order to the concourſe of People at his Sermons, and beholding from the Pulpit, the throngs of the ſcaffolds, and ground, told them in the beginning, that Satan was about to terrify, and hurt them, but that each one there ſhould be of good courage, for they ſhould have no harm.

Having ſpoken in this manner, and advancing in his *Sermon*, when he was the moſt fervent, and his audience moſt attentive, and devouteſt, behold the Devill untying the ropes, which held the beams, and planks of that portable Theater, cauſed the frames with the Men, to fall from the top to the bottom, and in a moſt intricate diſorder turning topſy turvy, the living and ſenſeleſs things, with many ſtrange poſtures, buried one body under another.

In this caſe the piazza by the order of nature, ſhould have been on the ſuddain a heap of dead bodies. This with a broken Head, and broken Armes, and that with his Breaſt beaten flat, One ſtifled by the crowd, and another half dead. This grieving ſadly, and that

ſorely hurt. But in ſo great a ruine (O moſt glorious Saint whom all ſucceeding ages ſhould admire) they ſuffer'd not ſo much as the loſs of a hair. The charity of *St. Anthony* was to them, an inviſible defence againſt harm, and juſt at the time, when the cords were unti'd by the Devil, with an act of deſire made to God, he prevailed, that each one there, was particularly aſſiſted by Heaven.

The People therefore glad, and aſtoniſh'd, when they had with all ſpeed ſet th: ſcaffolds up again, re-attended to the Sermon. Hereupon the name and credit of our Saint growing infinitely great, encreas'd ſo the audience, and devotion to his Sermons, that they held it a ſin not to hear him, ſo as the Devil, mad with himſelf, for the great good he did, deſign'd new inventions to hinder the devotion of the People.

In the Biſhoprick of *Limoges* reſided a Matron, who nobly born, and rich, and marri'd to her liking, had a Son, whom ſhe loved moſt dearly. Being therefore in a fortunate condition, and meeting in all things with all deſires, ſhe wanted nothing elſe to perfect her happineſs, but to gain the beatitude, the grace of God imparts. 'Tis

'Tis an eaſy thing, and naturall as it were for one that lives contented on Earth, to ſettle himſelf unfeignedly to the ſeeking of Heaven.

She therefore living well, was particularly devoted to St. *Anthony*, and had all his actions in that reverence and eſteem, that ſhe would rather have ſuffered any thing then omitted his Sermons.

But her Son on the contrary ſide, who naturally was haughty and proud, did every thing amiſs, and to the offence and diſpleaſure of others. Whereupon being hated by all, and obliged to maintain with his ſword, what his pride every day engag'd him in, he abounded with enemies and cares, and became no leſſe an *Argos* for his own preſervation, then a Hell to his ſollicitous parents.

What thoughts does thy minde labour with, his devout and good Mother ſaid often to him? Whence comes the contempt with which thou doeſt vilifie others? Doeſt think peradventure, becauſe thou art diſtinguiſht from the Vulgar by thy quality, that nature hath diſtinguiſht thee from them? And that thy difference from others in fortune, makes thee different in *ſpecies* from them? Ah, humane blood is the ſame in the King and the Shepheard,

and there is no true disparity among men, except it be by vertue. The poor man thou vilifiest, and whom thou thinkst thy self superiour to, hath frequently his senses more refin'd, and more even than thine, surpassing thee so farre in the functions of the body, and qualities of the minde, that he seems to be wholly composed of reason, and thou of bestiality: must he therefore, because he is not richly apparell'd, as one that is obscure be reputed vile and base? O deplorable ignorance of the wealthy!

Men are like Kings on the face of the Earth, who have constituted their tribunal in the minde, at which all mens actions and merits are examin'd, and as it seems just unto them they give them the reward of affection, and punishment of hatred. And the Authority of this tribunal is extended so farre, that it does pronounce death against all whom it judges to be guilty, and actually oftentimes makes the sentence to be executed; for we see 'tis in the power of each one to kill another. Since therefore it is thus, why should not every man seek the favour of another, declining the anger and ruine that may hang ore his head? Ah, my dear son, leave thy manner of living, which hither-

to

to thou haſt follow'd, and love, eſteem, and honour every one, for the beſt dominion, and the faireſt command of a man, is that over the will and affections of another.

And confirming her words with as many liquid teſtimonies, as the tears were ſhe ſhed, ſhe labour'd all ſhe could to ſoften and mollifie the harſh youth, her ſon. But he the more encreaſing his inſolencies for his mothers admonitions, diſquieted himſelf, and his country. Whereupon ſhe ſeeking comfort from Heaven, and attending only things of religion, became ſuch a pattern of devotion and piety, as made the Devil hate her particularly, inſomuch as he aware of the good ſhe deriv'd from S. *Anthonies* ſermons, reſolv'd to diſturb her to his power.

On a ſolemn day therefore, as ſhe was at the ſermon in a full Congregation, he taking upon him the form of a Courier, addreſt himſelf to her, and preſenting her a Letter inform'd her of the death of her Son.

Her pale friends and Kinſfolks running haſtily to her, ſo diſorder'd the aſſembly, that they brake off *S. Anthonies* diſcourſe, inſomuch as he raiſing his voice, ſaid aloud, Be of comfort, O Matron, the news

you have received is as falſe, as 'tis true he that brought it is a Devil in the ſhape of a man. Your ſon is alive, and if you will but look towards the gate of the Church, you ſhall ſee him ſoon appear.

The Devil confounded at his words, vaniſht preſently away, and the Matron with the reſt, directing her eyes to the place aforeſaid, ſaw the young man come in. Joy therefore, and wonder entring into their hearts, when they had admir'd the ſanctity of *S. Anthony*, and expreſt their thanks to Heaven for the ſame, they betook themſelves again to their places, attending with great ſilence to the reſt of the ſermon.

Many other illuſions might be told, which were inſtead of Trophies to *S. Anthony*, as that of the Friars, who ſaw a field ſpoyled one night belonging to their Benefactor, which he ſaid ſhould not trouble them, becauſe they that did it were Devils, who by that appearance endeavoured to diſtract their devotions. But our deſign at preſent being only to mention the wonders which he wrought by his ſermons, we will ſpeak of this ſubject alone.

The Saint wrought great miracles in the Pulpit, but that of the field of *Arras* was

was moſt glorious, where he uſed to aſſemble the people and preach, the Church not being able to contain them.

This was a large place, the foundation in times paſt of ſome vaſt and goodly pallace, which having then the air for its walls, and the Heavens for its roof, ſeem'd a Theater proportionable, and ſutable to the great Congregation which followed him continually. As he therefore was preaching one day in that place, behold on the ſudden, the windes began moſt dreadfully to hiſſe, and aſſembling the clouds round about, ſo cover'd the air with thick darkneſſe, that the light which lay languiſhing in it ſhewed the world was in an agony. Horrid claps of thunder followed after, at whoſe reſounding noiſe the pale Horizons ecchoing, adviſe all there preſent to ſhelter themſelves from the tempeſt. The fearful people therefore diſorder the aſſembly, and moving here and there to fly to the Citie, preſage a future ſtorm in their faces.

*S*tay, ſaid the *S*aint. Be uone of you affraid of the menaces of the air, for when ye are actually in the ſervice of God, even Hell it ſelf let looſe cannot hurt a mans hair. I promiſe to ſecure you from harm, if neglecting all other things

ye

ye will diligently attend to Gods word.

These his words infused such a security into all, that regarding not the tempest, they resetled themselves to hear the word of God. In the mean time the rain mixt with hail pour'd down in that abundance and fury, that each drop become a torrent, made whole rivers run along through the neighbouring fields. Who will deliver the devout Congregation from the precipices and ruines of an Ocean? Who will be a fence against the waves, and a bank against the billowes, that the people unhurt, and not wet may renew the examples of the Ark, in which mankinde was preserved? O the force of the miracles of *S. Anthony!* One request made to God was an invincible Canopy to the Audience, and encompass'd and protected the assembly, so as the least besprinkling of water did not wet the hems of their garments.

The people therefore drown'd in admiration, by so much the more divulged the prayses of *S. Anthony*, by how much the more they found they were dry, and unhurt. But since his sanctity often bridled the Elements, who will not be astonisht to hear, that he bridled too the madness, even of mad men themselves?

In

In *Limoges* liv'd a Man ſo diſtracted, and mad, that every thing he did was irrationall, and furious. Having therefore his countenance and body very meager, and pale, his hair diſhevil'd, and his eyes full of rage, he walk'd up and down in the City, no leſs uncompos'd in his actions, then tatter'd in his cloathes. Whereupon he, made a ſpectacle of miſery and horrour, moved all to compaſſion and wonder.

Where are the Phyſitians, who pretending to re-edifie humane bodies, ſay, there is no diſeaſe ſurpaſſing their skill? What vertue can be found in a ſtone, what juice in an herb, or what force in compoſitions, that will cure the diſorders of a mad, and irrationall mind, which flowing from the inward ſeditions of the humours, the muſcles, and arteries of the head, moſt obſtinately perſiſt in unreaſonable operations?

Cannot therefore Phyſitians, be they never ſo diligent, nor Phyſick, nor diet, or mutation of air, reſtore to the order of nature, the diſorderly State of a Man beſides himſelf? Ah, the rectifying of the motions of theſe wheels, is only reſerved to the hand, of the artificer that made them, and the Proverb is too true, that

that he, who once looſes his wits, never gets them again.

This mad man therefore hopeleſs of remedy, being one day in the Church, when St. *Anthony* was preaching, and admoniſhed by him to give no diſturbance to the audience, ſaid, he would not be quiet untill he took off his own cord, and with his own hands preſented it to him.

To ſee a mad man look for a cord, is to ſee him ſoon hanged. Hemp is not good for Men beſides themſelves, unleſs it be to bind them, but when 'tis in their power, 'tis either to their death, or to the hurt of ſome other.

No body could have thought that St. *Anthony* would have furthered the ruine of a man about to ruine himſelf, or put into the hands of a child a ſharpe, and keen raiſor, ſo as when he threw him down the cord from the pulpit, every one faſten'd to it with wonder, ſtood expecting what would follow.

The mad man laying hold on the cord kiſſed it with equall tenderneſſe, and devotion, and no ſooner had toucht it with his fortunate lips, but a heavenly vertue infus'd into his minde, rekindled the light of his reaſon, and he knowing the errors of his miſerable ſtate, and falling at the feet

feet of *St. Anthony*, entreated his pardon, and being well again, made the ſtanders by weep out of pitty.

But the wonders were greater, which his ſermons occaſion'd. A Woman in a village of the Country of *Limoges*, loving paſſionately her ſon, and thinking all the pleaſures in the World, were contracted into his boſome, did nothing all the day, but hug and embrace him. Every kiſs ſhe therefore gave him, was the quinteſſence of affection, and when ſhe looked on him, ſhe imagined Heaven ſmiling upon her.

When in order to the lawes of common calamity, he ſometimes uſed to weep, ſhe reducing her ſoul into one of his tears, felt her ſelf dye as often, as the drops were he ſhed. But on the other ſide, when he ſmiled upon her, ſhe wounded with the bowe of his lips, felt many years added to her life.

Now St. *Anthony* going thither to preach the woman by the devils illuſions, ſet a caudron of water on the fire, and put the child into it, believing ſhe had laid it in the cradle, and laying on great ſtore of wood, ſhut the door, and went away to the ſermon. But at her returne, the devill a while after recalling to her minde, what

what ſhe had done, repreſented to her phancy, many ſtrange apprehenſions.

Now together with the water in the caudron, death boiled in her boſome, and ſhe phancying thoſe limbs to be ſodden to pieces, which ſhe thought to have refreſhed with the vigour of ſleep, had hardly power to breath, much leſs to ſtir a foot. Looking therefore very ſadly, and croſſing her hands, ſhe ſtrove to vent her grief, but her breath not permitting her to ſpeak, ſhe remain'd no leſs inſenſible of weeping, then ſorrow. When ſhe was able afterwards to walk, ſhe approached to the door, rather opening it in deſire, then with her hands, and going halfe dead into the room, caſt her eyes in all haſt towards the chimney, and beholding the flames, which encompaſſing the caudron, look't as if they not only conſumed the water, but the braſs, would have doubtleſs faln dead to the ground, if the laſt reflection occaſion'd by her eyes, had not brought her ſome life. Shee therefore approaching to the Caudron, and looking into it, ſaw her child ſporting there, as in a ſea of milk, whom the water was not warme enough to hurt.

Silence O Pen! when miracles ſurpaſs imagination, 'tis in vain to extoll them.

To

To hear the Saint preach, and to ſuffer for that, was repugnant to his charity. Let the Reader conſider on the joyes, and the wonder of the Mother, who alone to ſupport ſo much gladneſs, and ſurvive it, ran the hazard of being compaſſionate.

The Fifth Chapter.

IN this manner the wonderfull works of St. *Anthony* reſounded in all places. But no wayes inferiour to this, was the miracle he wrought, in behalfe of another mother, who leaving her ſon in the cradle, to go to his ſermon, and finding him ſtifled, and dead at her returne, prevailed with him to reſtore him to life.

O fortunate rewards of the devoted to St. *Anthony! Hegoſias* diſcourſed ſo eloquently of the miſeries of Mans life, that his words repreſenting calamities, and fraught with diſaſters, infus'd into Mens minds ſuch deſtructive cogitations, that many by his Rhethorick, threw themſelves into the armes of a Voluntary death.

But *St. Anthony* a quite different oratour, with his divine Eloquence utters Hea-

Heavenly things, infuſes inſpirations of life into the hearts of the auditors. What wonder is it then, ſo many run to hear him, and that *France* become one body, and one heart, hangs with a ſingle ſenſe at his mouth? All tongues, and all wits would doubtleſs be weary, ſhould they undertake to recount, the demonſtrations of faith, the acts of contrition, the tears of repentance, the changes of life, the reconciliations, and reſtitutions of the goods, and good names of other Men, which his Sermons occaſion'd. Whereupon as the Eloquence of a holy taciturnity, ſuites beſt with thoſe things, which tranſcend Mans capacity, ſo I purpoſely omitting the infinite relations, in order to theſe matters, will confine my ſelf to one of them alone.

In *Limoges* liv'd a a Gentleman in the flower of his youth, who following the luſts of the fleſh, let no hour of his life paſs away, without ſome particular ſatisfaction to himſelf. As he was of a healthfull, and ſtrong conſtitution, ſo he was of a boiſterous and unquiet behaviour, expreſſing in his face a diſordenate mind, ſo as 'twas impoſſible to fathome his thoughts, his ſtrange reſolutions, and phantaſticall deſires. Who will be able to

to calme, and appeaſe this ſtormy Man, who as fierce in his lookes, as extravagant in his cloathes, would have every hair of his head, and his beard, infuſe a like terrour with his countenance and carriage? If we would be inform'd of the pleaſures of his mind, and entertainments of his thoughts, 'tis clear, that the minutes, and atomes of time, in which he reſolves not of deſtruction, and deſignes not incontinence, are not numbered with his years, as parts of his life. To follow the dictates of each unruly paſſion, to hang at the hilt of his ſword, his fortune, and his ſoul, be the mark of each affection, and never to be weary of hatred, and revenge, emploi'd the greateſt part of his ſtudy and time.

But being one day ſmitten with the ſermons of St. *Anthony*, and pierced to the heart with his words, which infuſed into him the terrours of Hell, as a ſick Man riſing up out of the *Lethargie* of death, he began to conſider on his State, and condition.

Who art thou (thus he ſpake to himſelf) who walkeſt ſo idely and boldly in the path of the World, and thinkeſt that nothing can hurt thee? Do'ſt ſuppoſe the maſs of Earth, of which thou art made, is ſo incorruptible

corruptible, that death in an instant, cannot make it a receptacle of wormes? In what consists thy bravery, if the prick of a sword, some inward pain and grief, the heat of a lingering feavour, a thorne, a flie, a spider may deprive thee soon of life? And shall the pretious time, thou shouldst spend in considering on things in order to Heaven, and the hours thou shouldst employ in giving thanks to God for his benefits to thee, be consumed in this manner, in neglecting, and attending him? How comes it to pass, thou shouldst not still remember, thy Creator is infinitely powerfull, and infinitely good, and can, if he please, give thee Heaven, or Hell without end? But grant, thou art so miserable, the horrour of death, and of judgment, cannot make the affraid, why dost not consider on the amiable qualities of God, who when he had created, and plac'd thee in the World, subjected all Creatures to thy will, and made the Sun and Stars, together with the Earth, the Water, and Air, for thy service and use, would incarnate himself, shed his blood for thy sake, and die to save thee? To comply with the gratitude of the World, thou wilt be very sorry, when thou canst not return the civilities

of

of a friend, nor ſerve him according to thy wiſhes, and to ſhew thy love to God who hourely does oblige thee beyond al, the World, wilt thou be ſo void of humanity, as not to retain ſo much gratitude in thy heart, as will cauſe thee to be ſad, for having offended him? Where are now the contrition, and ſighes of devotion of a penitent ſoul?

Having ſpoken in this manner, he let the reins looſe to lamentations, and ſorrowes, and firmly reſolving to offend his Creator no more, he went penitently to the feet of *St. Anthony*, and retiring with him into a place a part, began in all humility to diſcover his faults.

O moſt loving Jeſus, how ready art thou to aſſiſt and help all, that convert themſelves to thee.

God was ſo pleas'd with this ſinners contrition, that he opening his intellect, in the act of his confeſſion, ſo ſenſibly made him know the greatneſs of his faults, that he ſighing extreamly at every thing he ſpake, was not able, by reaſon of his immoderate ſorrow, to utter a word. *St. Anthony* knew of his pardon from Heaven, ſo as, that Gods mercies might more evidently appear, he told him, ſince he could not ſpeak his mind, he ſhould re-

turn

turn home, and write down his ſins, and bring them to him in a paper.

Who can imagine, and fully conceive, the bitter reſentments he had, when he wrote that curſed roll?

His ſoul pierc't no leſs with the point of his memory, then his pen, imprinted not a character in the paper, which looking like a Monſter of hell, repreſented not to him, the merit of the pains, he would have been lyable to, if the mercy of God had abandon'd, and forſaken him.

Now when he had often been pale, and likewiſe often bluſht, at that which he read, and had yet to write, and made his inke thinner with his tears, he filling, and then folding up the paper, returned to the feet of *St. Anthony*, where renewing his tears, and contrition (never ſatisfying himſelf with asking God pardon) he drew out the abominable liſt, and as he was beginning to read it, he found it all white, there appearing not in it, the leaſt ſhadow of any writing.

O Son, where are thy faults? who hath waſht from the boſom of this paper, the black, and foul tincture of the characters, which infuſed the horrour of death? To what may we aſcribe ſuch an un-

unexpected whiteneſs, unleſs to the waves of thy eyes? Wilt ſee how prevalent thy contrition hath been, and what it hath articl'd, and covenanted with God? Behold, he offers thee a blank paper. Tears and ſins reſide not together. Go, and be comforted in Chriſt, and continue in the State thou art in: Thus our Saint ſpake to him, and giving him his bleſſing, diſmiſs'd him with happineſs.

Infinite other miracles *St. Anthony* wrought in *France*, the particular relation of which, as it would be very difficult to the eloquenteſt tongue, ſo it does altogether exceed my capacity. His name therefore growing renown'd, made a glorious *Eccho* in the Vatican, ſo as the Pope deſirous to hear, and behold him, ſent for him to *Rome*.

The Capitol requires thee, O *Saint*. What wonder is it, ſince after thy conqueſt of *France*, triumphs are prepared for thee? The rock *Tarpeia* receives greater credit, by adding thy acts, to the many inſcriptions of the Hero's, with which it is engraven. Advance to the place, where the *Tybur* would gladly gild his ſands, with the touch of thy feet, for ſince all this while, the *Rhoſne*, and the *Seine* have made their waters flow with the

the motion of thy wonders, 'tis but just thy happy presence should make the Latine river renown'd.

St. Anthony arrived in *Rome*, when the Pope much encourag'd with the good he had done, had resolv'd of a crusado, in order to the conquest of the holy land, so as devout Nations meeting there from all parts, the City seemed too little, to contain so great a multitude.

'Twas doubtless a fine sight, to see the huge concourse of the people, the throngs in the *Streets* and piazze, together with their habits, their customes, and different languages, but that was no new thing to the Romans.

The Pope commands *St. Anthony* to preach, and the sacred Consistory, with an infinite number of People, flock thither to hear him, who though he spake Italian, made his words sound to all in their own proper language. Who will deny thee O Saint, the laurell, and triumph, since in testimony of thy holy undertakings, such variety of tongues do attend on thy sermons? The Nations there present, were amazed, and extolled him to the skie, and the Pope called him, the Arke of the Testament, and treasure of each science. And he knowing of the misera-

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ble State, *Italy* was in at that time, commanded him to go through the Cities and Towns, to reduce Christian souls to repentance.

At that time lived an Usurer in *Florence*, who minding onely traffick and gain, so farr lov'd the light of the Sun, as it serv'd to make him rich. To spend all his life in casting up accounts, and booking his debts and receipts, seem'd to him the onely quality, to procure him esteem. Whereupon he enamour'd with Gold, had no end of his desires in heaping up wealth, and growing pale with watching, and lean with sollicitude, shew'd nothing in his eyes, and his face, but covetousness and desire.

To gnaw a piece of dry bread, and with so much wine mingle his water, as serv'd to change the colour. To dine on an onyon, and frieze in the middle of winter or'e a languishing fire. To sweat in *August* with a long sided coat of patcht cloth, and go all the year to his bed, by the light of the Moon, were such pleasing things to him, because they spar'd his money, that this of all others, was the life he most fancy'd; minding therefore onely money, he had no other thoughts but what brought him gain, insomuch as

grown rich, he began to bleſs his eyes with the luſtre of his gold, and rejoyce at the heaps of his ſilver. Having therefore provided very great and ſtrong cheſts, whoſe iron-work ſeem'd able to reſiſt Thunderbolts themſelves, and ſhutting them with locks, whoſe ſtrange and extravagant devices, reſembled the crooked wayes he got his wealth by, he opened them dayly with delight, and fixing his eyes on the heaps of his gold, ſaid gladly to himſelf.

Let the lover now come, who ſayes, he does burn with a more noble fire, and ſee if his flames have more reaſonable motives then mine. *He* adores a woman, whoſe tranſitory beauty ſoon vaniſhes like a ſhadow, her roſie cheeks, and lovely hair, contributing to the wound of an innocent heart, and her ſmiles, and carriage together with her geſtures, which ſhew her vivacity and ſpirghtlineſs, aiming onely at this, to make her a Venus on Earth.

But omitting the conditions of her mind (beſides her infidelity and pride) for which She may often be compared to a Devil, tell me, O lover, how permanent in thy Miſtriſs are the corporall endowments, for which thou art become her idolater?

dolater? Ah, the roſes no ſooner do bud, but the froſts purſue them cloſely. Her ſwelling breaſts abate, growing flaggy, and wrinckel'd, and her wither'd eyes, and teeth, ſhew nothing worth the ſeeing in her declining face, but the commiſeration, that they have once been handſome.

'Tis not ſo with me. I love a beauty not ſubject to corruption, by ſo much the more commending my idol, by how much the more, it produc'd by the Sun, cannot certifie Men of it's qualities, and value, with a clearer, and more evident teſtimony. I ſigh not to behold it, nor long to poſſeſs it, for when I will, I ſee it, and when I pleaſe, I kiſs it. To doubt of it's faith, is to deny natures orders, for never 'twas yet ſeen, that Gold was falſe to any.

Can a Man have a greater comfort, then to think he is a Maſter of a ſubſtance, the ſoul of the World, and hath a pretious Protheus in his hand, which changeth it ſelf into every thing? The adorations of the Egyptians are ridiculous, who had not ſo much wit to diſcern, gold was the greateſt Deity. Will you ſee wonders wrought in an inſtant, take gold into your hand, and with that you may do a-

ny thing? What delights more the eye, then the ſphæricall figure of money, which for it's lovely roundneſs, repreſents a whole World? what can make any Man more a Gentleman, and more learned then money, which is the beſt defenſe, and projection we can have? Shall a lover therefore lye ſeveral nights on the ſtones, endure the greateſt heats, and greateſt colds, endanger himſelf, ſuffer baniſhments, impriſonment, and want, for a painted corruption, and ſhall not I much more, who adore the worthieſt thing the world hath, toil and moil, and endure the greateſt torment for riches? O happy rags, which cover me? O fortunate abſtinences, watchings, and ſollicitude, which waſt, and conſume me, ſince theſe bitter, pains are the cauſe of my treaſure.

And here kiſſing thoſe ſparkling heaps, he took great pleaſure to count his money over again, and again, and reflecting on the things, in which he might have ſpent it, his vanity ſeemed excuſable in this thing alone, that it made him enjoy each delight in the abſtract. O the madneſs of Men.

This Uſurer living in this manner, expired at laſt as St. *Anthony* arrived in

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Florence, and his obſequies were prepared in the Church, where he was to preach.

The Corps now brought thither, and accompanied in great State, while the torches diſtilled in hot tears for the loſs of his ſoul, St. *Anthony* illuminated with the light of the holy Ghoſt, cried aloud in this manner.

What do ye O *Florentines?* Shall the body whoſe ſoul is in hell, lye in a ſacred place? Shall he enjoy the priviledges of a church, who abuſed the merits of Chriſt? Shall he have Chriſtian burial, who liv'd like a Heathen? Open but his breaſt, and youl finde it wants a heart, then come along with me, and I will ſhew you where it is, by which you may judge of his damned condition.

The perſons there preſent would have laught at his ſtrange words, he being unknown unto them, if the ſound of his tongue, tuned by the Holy Ghoſt, had not had the power to infuſe faith and reverence into them. The *Florentines* therefore inwardly perſwaded, began to anatomize the breaſt of the Uſurer, and ſeeing it was whole, and unhurt, but deprived of that part ſo neceſſary for the functions of life, being almoſt dead with wonder, ſtood

awhile without motion. Then following St. *Anthony*, they went to the Uſurers houſe, and opening by his order and direction one of the great Cheſts, they found his heart within it, which reeking as it were, lay on a heap of money.

The people then raiſing a cry, which was mixed with prayſes and wonder, received aſſurance of St. *Anthonies* holineſs, and increaſing their devotion to him, ran, and took the Corps out of the Church, and buried it like a beaſt in the fields. In this manner our Saint, like an Apoſtle of Chriſt, going here and there through the Countrey of *Italy*, did not ceaſe to work miracles; ſo as he arriving at *Ferrara*, was well known unto all, and received by the Citie with unſpeakable praiſes and joy. Wherefore reverenced, and admired, by all, as an Angel in the ſhape of a man he contributed his aſſiſtance to every one in need.

A little before two of the chiefeſt families of *Ferrara* had been joyned in marriage, who no leſſe noble then rich, their gold received luſtre from the beauty of the Bride, which ſurpaſſed all belief. The heart of her Husband being therefore tyed to her with as many ſtrong chains as the hairs curl'd in rings on her temples,

he

he found no other happineſs in the world, then what was circumſcrib'd him by love, in the confines of her face.

'Tis a felicity to love and be married. But as this earthly happineſs reſembles a cloud before the winde, ſo this married mans joyes ſoon changed into ſorrow. For his wife, in regard of her beauty, being gazed on by all, the Gentlemen in the Citie ſtill attended and reſpected her. Her husband therefore noting the paſſages, the looks, and reſpect his wife had at home and abroad, began to congeal, and freez in the midſt of his flames, concluding thoſe pleaſures were mixed with poyſon, which a little before had been ſo delicious and ſweet. But that which conſummated his fears was, to ſee his wife return, with the terms of civility, the favours ſhe received, her acceptance of them fomenting new acts of devotion and ſervice, from which love beginning by little and little, would terminate in time with his Families diſgrace.

Theſe reflections therefore boyling on the ſlow fire of hatred, which inſenſibly began to flow from his breaſt, raiſed fumes in his minde, which obſcuring the light of his reaſon, diſordered him extreamly. Wherefore pale with continual agitations,

and lean with his fretting, he was now become a reſidence of tormeuts.

Sometimes in the heart of the night, when ſilence and quietneſs ſeize moſt on the ſenſes, he taking no reſt, turned toward his lovely Wife, to gaze upon her by the light of a candle, and contemplate her features, and delicate face, while the ſleeping ſoundly, ſo inſenſibly breathed, that adding a grace, and a luſtre to her beauty the ſhew'd a kind of ſadneſs, and ſilence, which her innocence conveighed to his eyes. Whereupon he enamour'd of that ſight which attracted his affection, call'd to minde the happy hours, when firſt he thought himſelf entirely poſſeſſed of her love, ſo as filling his eyes with tears, he ſaid the following words.

Lets look ſome other way O my heart, and behold our ſcornes no longer, and the joyes of another. Time was, when what we now do behold, lived onely for our pleaſure and delight; but now it is otherwiſe. The faithfull ſoul ſhe had, is fled away and vaniſht, and a ſpirit full of fraud and deceit is come into the room, lets bewail our diſaſters O heart.

And here turning to the otherſide of the bed, he wept ſo down right, though without the leaſt noiſe, that he made the

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ſenſeleſs darkneſs it ſelf, even pitty his ſorrowes.

With this piercing grief, he lived for the ſpace of ſome Months, ſo as he might well be imagined the *compendium* of hell. But his *Star* not content with the miſeries he endured, made his torments compleat, for he ſeeing his Wife was with child, and ſuppoſing himſelf not the Father, was deſperately furious beyond all expreſſion. He wept, grew penſive, ſtood ſtill, and then ran, the combat of his doubts, and his horrible reſolutions ſo tempeſtuouſly agitating, and diſquieting his mind, that the leaſt thing he deſigned was death.

In fine having caſt up his accounts, and reſolved not to looſe his wifes portion, he determined not to poyſon her, till after her delivery, and to kill awhile after the child. Concluding in this manner, he began to live merrily (anger being ſweet in expecting revenge) and ſtrove to fain kindneſs to her. But he could not ſo clear up his countenance, but that the inward tempeſt of his mind ſometimes ſhewed it ſelf, inſomuch that his Wife, who perceived his ſmiles were mixed with poyſon, and his looks grown malicious, began to ſuſpect his affection, and

fear ſome diſaſter.

Shee therefore renewing her dalliances with him, and expreſſing more her love then at any time before (beauty accompanied with ſadneſs being alwayes moſt powerfull) endeavoured to dive into the boſom of her husband, and diſcover what he would not reveal. But ſeeing the more liberal ſhe was of her amorous demonſtrations, the more he declined her kindneſs, when ſhe had in vain requeſted him, to inform her of the cauſe of his diſturbance, ſhe reſolved to put a period to her fears, and ſhut up her ſelf into a chamber with him.

There growing pale, and languiſhing in that manner, that ſhe would have moved every one to pitty, that beheld her, when ſhe had faintly lifted up her eyes to the face of her husband, ſhe ſate down by his ſide, and taking his hand into hers, ſaid the following words.

This hand, which affectionately claſps thee, my Dear, ſhould make thee comprehend my paſſionate deſires, but ſince my unhappineſs will force me to uſe words, where my paleneſs, and fears ſpeak for me, tell me I pray thee, whence does it proceed, thou careſt not for me as before? Are theſe eyes, and this boſome, which once

once were ſo pleaſing to thy thoughts, ſo vile now to thee, they cannot delight thee? What fault hath my ſoul, which adores thee, commited, that thou for its puniſhment, withdraweſt from thy countenance the graces and affection, which made our marriage happy? I have given the my liberty, my body, and my mind. I obſerve thy commands as an inviolable law, and ſhould live, and dye in thy arms, and can I endure to ſee thy minde altered, thy tranquility diſquieted, and thy pleaſures obſtructed by me? Ah, this can come from no other cauſe, but thy ſetling thy affection on ſome other woman.

As ſhe ſpake in this manner, ſhe fainted, being unable to conclude this laſt word, whereupon looking pale, and blocking up the paſſage to her tears, by cloſing her eyes, ſhe open'd it on her forehead, to a cold, and clammy ſweat.

To ſee a beauty languiſh, and faint, and breath out both innocence and pitty, muſt needs have made the hardeſt heart relent. But her husband more cruel, and reſolved then before could leave her in that ſtate, and without being mov'd to compaſſion, go out of the room, ſhe coming then again to herſelf awhile after, and finding ſhe was left there alone, renewed the remem-

brance of her ſorrowes, and wept with that bitterneſs, over each word ſhe heard, that ſhe would have been turned into tears, if her parents coming into the chamber by chance, had not comforted her to their power.

However not long after, ſhe omitting her ornaments and mirth, led a ſad and ſolitary life, reſembling an innocent Turtle deprived by ſome diſaſter of her mate. Her parents obſerving it, encouraged her to go proſtrate herſelf at the feet of St. *Anthony*, and diſcovering her misfortune to him, to beg his aſſiſtance.

She followed their counſel, whereupon the *S*aint comforting her with a fatherly affection, and telling her the puniſhment was ſent her from Heaven, for the vanity in expoſing her ſelf to the eyes of the Gentlemen, bad her patiently endure the harſhneſs of her husband, and hope in Gods mercies.

So diſmiſſing her with a promiſe, to pray to God for her, many dayes had not paſt, but her nine months expir'd, ſhe was delivered of a delicate boy, the pains at whoſe birth, together with the memory of her miſeries, coſt her almoſt her life, and perhaps at that time, ſhe gladly would have died. But her pangs be-

being over, she took the little child into her arms, and looking towards Heaven, fixt her mind upon God, and weeping abundantly, said the following words.

O Lord, who seest all things, and without whose consent, not so much as a pismire can have the least being, thou knowest if to the forming of this babe, there hath been any mixture, but that of a loyall marriage. Comfort me according to my innocence, and open the eyes of my blind, and jealous husband. But if I deserve not this favour, end my disasters by ending my dayes, since by going from this bed to my grave, I shall clear my husbands doubts, and ease my torments.

And O thou little wretch, who hardly art born, and yet art so unhappy, thy father will not own thee, how much better for thee would it be, if these arms now sustaining thee, might at present be thy Coffin, and that breathing in this bosom, which newly gave thee life, we might go both together to the Sepulcher? Perhaps thy cruel Father assured of my innocence, in time would weep, though too late, o're the ashes he not long before hated.

And here hugging her child in her bosome, she began so to storm it with tears, and

and with kisses, that she moved all there present to pitty, and her parents had enough to do to comfort her. But they grieving exceedingly for the danger, in which they saw their Daughter, thought they had no other way, to hinder that imminent destruction, then by their renewing their instance to the Saint.

When they therefore had found him, he praying in that urgent, and pressing occasion, discovered by divine revelation, the murther decreed by the Husband, the innocence of the Wife, together with the ruine of that family, and the scandall of the City. Whereupon he affraid of the mischief that would happen, added disciplines and fastings to his prayers, to prevent it. A while after as the husband stood discoursing near his house, with some Gentlmen his acquaintance, *St. Anthony*, who knew it, as likewise that the nurse would pass the same way with the Child, repayring to the place, took the child from the nurse, and carrying him in his arms to the company aforesaid, with a countenance full of Majesty and veneration, infused at that time into him, fixt his eyes on the child, and said the following words.

I command thee, O Infant newly born.

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by the power of Jeſus Chriſt our Redeemer, the Son of the bleſſed Virgin, to tell me thy ſelf in the preſence of theſe men, which amongſt them is thy true and legitimate Father.

The ſtanders by affrighted at his words, expected with wonder the iſſue of the thing: when the childe looking on the jealous man, and nodding to him, ſpake as readily as a boy of ten years, This is my proper, natural, and legitimate Father, this is he, whoſe true, legitimate and natural ſon I am.

A man that ſees a ghoſt congeals not in that manner with aſtoniſhment, nor trembles ſo with wonder and fear, as all that heard the words of the infant were amaz'd and trembled. But the Father above all, unable for a while to ſtand on his legs, would have fallen without doubt to the ground, if the wonder, and confuſion iſſuing out of his eyes, and congeal'd into tears, had not eaſed the exhalations of his ſuffocated heart.

Then the Saint ſaid to him, behold here thy ſon, whom receive with affection, and as the faithful birth of thy chaſt and dear wife, and know, ſhe hath alwayes reſpected and honoured thee, as became a good woman. And ſince thou haſt hated her till

now

now, like a blinde and jealous man, ask pardon of God for thy thoughts, and reſolutions, and love her, and live peaceably with her, as becomes a good Chriſtian.

Having ſaid ſo, he departed, leaving all weeping there out of tenderneſs. Who is able to expreſs the acts of affection, and reconciliation, which paſſed betwixt the Wife, and the husband ſoon after? Who can relate their words, their tears and repentance? Let the phancy of others ſupply the defects of my pen. This ſhort, and narrow paper is not able to contain unlimited conceptions.

The Sixth Chapter.

WE ſaid before, that *Italy* in the time of our *Saint* was miſerably infected with hereſie. Now what may we imagine, were his ſorrowes, and afflictions for this, at his return eſpecially out of *France*? What minutes of time, may we phancy paſſed away in which he did not weep for the loſs of thoſe ſouls, which though purified by their baptiſm, and waſht with Chriſts blood, yet afterwards

wards polluted with many ſtains of hereſie, fell headlong into hell?

Who is able to relate the ſtrange diſaſters he ſaw, in the places he paſt, and preacht in? Who can tell the diſputes, the reaſons, and perſwaſions he uſed, to reduce their perverſe underſtandings into the right path? He hating his own body, as if it had done all that evil, did beat it without pitty, and making it meager with faſtings, which would have made Gyants themſelves even languiſh and faint, and applying it to prayers, which for their great fervour, did terminate in agonies, did vent on himſelf all the anger and zeal for the iniquities of *Italy*.

O Saint! The *Tybur* and the *Po* have more errours then waves. A flower cannot be ſeen on their banks, which breaths not Corruption. All the leaves of the trees are depraved, nor ſings there a bird in the fields, which chaunts not forth axioms of hell. And wilt thou alone with thy weak and lean breaſt, withſtand, the rapid torment of ſo many enormities.

Yes, like an animated Mountain in *Italy*, I will cauſe floods of tears, and of blood, to run from my veins, and carrying on my head, as it were driven ſnow, the purity of the Catholick faith, will

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abate with it, the edge of the thunderbolts from Heaven, and oppoſing Gods fury and wrath, be a bulwarke for his peoples defence.

Thus it ſeem'd, he ſpake in the fervour of his prayers, when he pray'd for the hereticks of his time. Whereupon when he heard, that the City of *Rimini* was become a new Babylon for hereſie, though in *France* he had converted before the Archheretick, *Bonville*, he like a generous ſteed encouraged to the battail by the ſound of the trumpet, reſolv'd to haſten thither. And perpending very ſeriouſly on the miſery of thoſe ſouls (not without ſhedding rivers of tears every time he reflected on them) he decreed to ſpend there, all the force of his ſermons, all the blood of his diſciplines, together with his abſtinences and faſtings.

Having therefore recommended himſelf, and his interprize to God, and humbly begg'd his bleſſing, he expreſſing ſuch tenderneſs at the foot of a crucifix, as cannot be deſcribed, departed from *Ferrara* towards *Rimini*.

As he walked along the fields, which lye between thoſe Cities, he ſighing conſider'd on the pleaſantneſs of the trees, the beauty of the meadowes, the clear-

neſs

neſs of the brooks, and wholſomneſs of the air. Then being unable to keep in his heart, which diſtill'd into tears trickel'd down from his eyes, he ſaid the following words.

*S*hall this Earth ſupport their feet, who ſtraying from the lap of the Church, do walk in the way of perdition? *S*hall theſe Plants ſhade their heads, whoſe mindes only think of impugning the Goſpel? And theſe ſtreams quench the thirſts of thoſe palates, through which paſs only blaſphemies, which tear my Gods name? And how is it poſſible to remember theſe wonders, and yet not dye of ſorrow and confuſion? O *F*ields, which are the creatures of my Lord! O vegetative Schools, whoſe arguments are ſolid and ſubſtantial, as fit to overthrow, and confound the greateſt obſtinacy, how uſeful would your learning be to theſe clouded people, if they would be but fixt, and intent in contemplating on you?

The Water ſtill runs towards the *S*ea, and alwaies is moiſt, the Earth ſtands firm and alwaies brings forth *G*raſſe, the Trees ſtill grow, and ceaſe not to be fruitfull, the beaſts do ſtill multiply, and follow their inſtinct, and Seaſons come and goe obſerving their courſe. And ſhall man

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alone, endued with reaſon, and ſuperiour to all ſublunary things, whoſe ſoul is a part of the Divinity, neglect his obligations, digreſſe from his duty, and contemn thy holy lawes? Shall man alone deride thy commandements, diſpute thy authority, and perſiſt in offending thee? *Seeſt* thou this O God, and indur'ſt it? *Surely* thou deſerveſt not to be uſed in this manner.

With theſe reflections, which for their force and vigour, contain'd the affections of a Seraphin, our *Saint* advanc't towards *Rimini*, where no ſooner he arrived, but the rumour of his coming ſpread in all parts, occaſion'd great diſorder in the City.

The opinions and deſires of the Citizens were divided, one ſaying, that they ſhould hear him preach, another affirming, he had gotten ſuch renown by his learning, that they ſhould not meddle with him. But at laſt, one inclined, to the Catholick party, ſaid at leaſt he might utter, what was rational and juſt, inſomuch that he orecoming the reſt, they encompaſt *St. Anthony* with ſo numerous a throng, that they fill'd the whole piazza.

There the Saint as the center of truth, to a circumference of lies, received their

blowes

blowes, and abated in that manner the edge of their daring and blind understandings, that forcing them to recurr to their obstinacy, he wholly confounded them. Whereupon in prosecution of his fortunate victory, he going from the chair to the pulpit, and from arguments to preaching, began a discourse, each syllable of which, would doubtless like a chain have bound fast the mindes of the auditors, if the people dispersing themselves on the suddain and running from him, as from an enchanter, had not fled from his presence.

Then the Saint when he saw he was alone, not brooking at least the ill manner, with which they treated things of the faith could not forbear weeping. But encouraged with the Spirit of God, which alwaies assisted him, and shewing a zeal peculiar to his actions, he sighing said thus.

Since men will not hear thy word O God, wee'l go preach it to the fish, and with that he went out of the City, and stood on the neighbouring shore, where the Christalline *Marecchia* unburthens it self, and runs into the sea.

The Citizens of *Rimini* observing the proceedings, watcht what he intended

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to do in that place, nor without ſome inward motion, which call'd them to wonders, would they have attended on their enemy. The Sea was then ſo quiet, that it ſeeming not to move, reſembled in that calm, a ſerene, a cloudleſs skye, whereupon it repreſenting a ſpatious lookinglaſs for the ſuns gilded face, ſhewed it's waves ſtirr'd no otherwiſe, then the rayes darted onthem, did with their reflection finely coſen the ſight.

St. *Anthony* conſidering the beauty of that Element, and bleſſing it in the name of the Lord, ſaid aloud.

O Inhabitants of the deep, who devout, as well as mute, expreſs in your white, and ſilver ſcales, the purity of your innocence, and State, come ye, ſince Men will not hear me, come I ſay, and hearken to what God will tell you by me.

O wonders, which all ſucceeding ages ſhould admire! As if the *Saints* voice had been an Angelicall trumpet, the ſound of it penetrating the deep, caus'd the fiſh to obey him, inſomuch as they floating to the top, cover'd over the Sea with their heads, the multitude being great, and their order, and attention both admirable and unſpeakable. The greateſt ſort diſpos'd

pos'd into large ſemicircles, made up the firſt magnitude, and in order, in leſs ſphears, thoſe of a leſs ſize, approacht as it were to the ſhore. All with open mouths, fixt their eyes on the Saint, who beheld them, and forgetting the naturall antipathy, with which they us'd to proſecute one another, they mildely and humbly, without either ſtirring their fins, or the waves, ſeemed as if they came thither, to receive new inſtincts, and new formes, and wayes of living. 'Twas doubtleſs a fine ſight, to ſee in that ſcaly Congregation, the extravagancy of their ſhapes, their different colours, and various conſtitutions. For as in ſtrange Nations, we conſider the variety of their cuſtoms, and the faſhions of their cloathes, ſo thoſe capricious bones, unaccuſtomed eyes, and unuſuall mouths and heads, muſt needs ſhew the habit, the pompe, and extravagant greatneſs of the Kingdome of the Ocean. Now when that mute audience of the Sea had incompaſſed *St. Anthony*, with veneration in his looks, and majeſtie in his words, he began.

Though in all created things (beloved fiſh) the power, and great providence of God, are moſt infinitely ſeen, and though Heaven with all the *Stars*, this World, man-

Mankinde, and the other perfecteſt creatures, clearly evidence his vaſt goodneſs yet the characters of his love are particularly reſplendent in you. For though ye are confined to the deep, alwayes toſt up and down with the waves and the ſtorms, and are mute, and horrid to behold, appearing the miſcarriages of nature, and extravagancies of the creation, yet from you are drawn great myſteries of his mercy, nor do the ſacred Scriptures make mention of you, without concealing ſome profound Sacrament. And think ye, that it is not a myſtery, that Gods firſt gift to man contain'd only fiſh? Do ye think 'tis not a ſecret, that Chriſt our redeemer, from the time of the paſchal lamb, ſo deſir'd to eat fiſh? Do ye think 'twas by chance that the Saviour of the world, being obliged as man to pay tribute to *Ceſar*, would find it in the mouth of a fiſh? All theſe things are myſteries and ſacraments, and therefore of all others, ye are bound to praiſe our God from whom you have your being, your motion and ſenſe, the Kingdom of the Waters being aſſign'd for your dwelling as moſt ſutable to your nature, where ye have ſpatious places, dens, caverns, and holes, as the fitteſt habitations for you, your element is clear

and

and so lucid and transparent, that from the low'st rooms, as it were with *Linxes* eyes, ye discern what is done on the waters. What ye like, ye pursue, & avoid what is hurtful to you. Ye naturally desire the preservation of your *Species*, and your instincts and motions are pure dictates of nature, neither Winter, nor Summer having power to offendy ou. Let the Heavens be serene, or the weather tempestuous and stormy. Let it thunder, or lighten, and the World be disorder'd and turn'd topsy turvy. Let the Spring be gay and green, and Autumne either fruitfull or barren, ye as unconcern'd are both quiet and secure. Besides, ye alone were exempt from the generall deluge, and the dammages it occasion'd to the World. How much therefore, and how strangely, is the greatness, and Majesty of God discovered in you? How admirable is his power, and how stupendious his goodness? And how are ye oblig'd to praise, and give him thanks, for his eminent favours to you? Since therefore ye cannot with your tongues express an obsequious devotion to God, nor set forth his prayses, shew signes at least of reverence, bowing at his sacred name, and acknowledging his mercies by your gratitude, in the manner ye are able.

At this saying (O unspeakable wonder) the fish, as if endued with reason and understanding, bowd down their heads, and moving very gently, with gestures of humility and religion, acknowledged their engagements to God, and approved of what St. *Anthony* had spoken. The standers by therefore astonisht and amazed, now looking on the fish, and now on the Saint, could not speak for confusion, but their foreheads, made the Theater of shame, confess'd by their paleness, what punishment their incredulity deserved.

Then the *S*aint full of zeal, said, behold O Men of *Rimini*, the Sea in opposition to you, is become a *S*chool of truth, to confound your opinions, with as many liquid doctrines, as the arguments are, the fish themselves, though mute, fully prove the true faith with. Why remain ye yet obdurate and obstinate, since the Creatures little differing from insensible things, give evident testimonies of the errours ye live in? How ought ye not to fear, that in the day of judgment, this scaly Congregation will bring against you, as many accusations, as are the opportunities you now have, to reduce you to repentance? Ah, if ye should shed

more

more tears, then is water in this *Sea*, if exhale, and vent more ſighes, then are blaſts of the winds, and with your contrition, feel your hearts more diſquietted, then the ſea is with tempeſts and ſtormes, yet ye would not be able, to ſatisfie the puniſhment of one of thoſe offences, ye now actually commit againſt God.

Do ye ſee with what obedience and humility, theſe Creatures come to hear the word of God, and yet will ye, endued with reaſon, and partakers of his Heavenly grace, be dubious of your faith, and contemn your religion? And how can death retard the razing you out of the number of the living? And ſhall not hell fire break forth out of the moſt obſcure cavernes, and conſume you to nothing? And wilt thou O my God, have the patience to endure theſe monſtrous Men, who put into the ballance on this ſhore with the blockiſheſt, and irrationaleſt Creatures, are inferiour in reaſon to them? Ah, 'tis an unhappineſs, to come and ſee ſuch lamentable miſeries.

The pronouncing of theſe his laſt words were as the boyling vinegar, with which this our myſticall *Haniball*, brake the Alpes of their hard and ſtony hearts, ſo

as they, toucht inwardly with compunction and repentance, for the knowledg they then had of themſelves, fell down on their knees, and weeping begg'd forgiveneſs of God, profeſſing their return into the Catholick Church, and that they would dye in that faith.

O Saint, thou haſt conquer'd! who could ſuſpect thy victory, by the open confeſſion of truth, when thou hadſt ſet an Army of mutes array? St. *Anthony* then weeping for joy, deſir'd them to be thankfull to God, ſpeaking thus unto them. Know ye all, ye are moſt infinitely oblig'd to God, and particularly to my beloved Chriſt, who was pleaſed to be born, and to dye for our ſakes. Endeavour to amend with a hearty repentance, your former ill lives, and with acts of love, and of gratitude, comply with the favours you receive every minute from God. And ye Creatures of the *Sea*, have a long, and laſting peace in your dwellings, may the greatneſs of God appear in your *Species* and your ſcales like bright ſhields, receive the impreſſions of his powerfull hand.

He ſpeaking in this manner, held up his ſacred hand, and bleſſed both the Men, and the fiſh, who humbling themſelves

ſelves, and ſhewing their devotion, departed with great joy.

But though winged fame relating his miraculous deeds, made no ſtop in her flight, till extolling ſtill his name, ſhe had carried it aloft into the lap of eternity, yet envy, and the obſtinacy of ſome, did all in their power to hinder his proceedings ſome, who were not preſent at the miracle of the fiſh, gave no credit to the thing, and inſtead of a Saint, holding him a Magitian, did attribute his works to the coſenage and illuſion of the ſight. O deplorable State of the wicked, who by their ill habit, never thinking of good, do rather aſcribe a ſupernaturall work to the vertue of the Devil, then God, as if the Creator were inferiour to Satan in power.

Theſe Friars (ſaid they) are maskt with hypocriſie, and under a habit of repentance hide a body full of vices, having no other end but to cozen the World. The conveniency allow'd them for ſtudying, makes them dive into books, more fit for the fire, then for reading, from which ſucking arts, and Diabolicall ſciences, they ſoon become enchanters. Whereupon by this means being able to attain to their ends, beſides car-

nall ſins, in which they make deteſtable Progreſſes, they will command ſouls, and manage Mens conſciences, and medling with reconciliations, with marriages, and wills, fairly ſeem to have great zeal about the points of religion. In this manner having pale, and grave countenances, and boaſting of their diſciplines, and faſtings, they endeavour to get credit, and opinion in the World, and preaching doctrines ſutable to their humour, and with ſeeming miracles confirming the ſame, deſire to be canoniz'd for venerable perſons, and Saints. But as theſe their arts do take with the People, ſo they render them abominable and odious, to wiſe and prudent Men. Arguments, arguments are neceſſary, to convince the underſtanding of Men of ſound judgments, and not vain illuſions and ſhews.

Such were the Diabolicall diſcourſes of thoſe ill condition'd *Hereticks*, who, not long before by the miracle of the fiſh, being preſſed too much with *St. Anthonies* reaſons, had been forced to retreat, to the end they might not hear him. One of them as rich in Eſtate, as poor in underſtanding and faith, among other things, denyed the true body of Chriſt, was in the

the holy Sacrament of the Altar, ſo as breaking out often into words, and conceptions, every one of which deſerv'd a particular hell for a puniſhment, the dammage was unſpeakable, he occaſion'd to the ſouls of his auditors.

Our *Saint* therefore ſpeaking with him, and zealouſly adviſing him, that he neither would believe, nor utter ſuch errours, laid open to him the treaſure of Divinity, and with reaſons and arguments, which cleared the greateſt doubts, compelled him to cry out, that he having not learning to anſwer him, nothing but a miracle could perſwade him to believe it.

Then the Saint inſpired by God, did offer to confirm unto him, the truth of his doctrine, by cauſing him to behold what he moſt of all deſir'd. Nor doubt I (ſaid he) but that my good God, for the glory of his name, and the benefit of thy ſoul, will grant me all the graces and favours, I ſhall beg of his Majeſty in this caſe.

The heretick had a mule (behold an extravagancy invented by the Devil) the pattern of obſtinacy, and treachery, and in all things like his Maſter, who reflecting on this beaſt, ſaid in a jeering

manner, My mule three dayes together, ſhall neither eat, nor drink, after which, when I bring him ſome oats, and you come with the ſacrament if he will leave his meat and kneeling adore it, I will confeſs the body of Chriſt is truly there.

St. Anthony undertaking the buſineſs, they prepar'd themſelves accordingly, and the City ringing of it, cauſed great expectation in all. The hours of the limited day, paſſed away with their accuſtomed ſwiftneſs, but meaſured by the hunger of the mule, and the curioſity of ſome that were incredulous, ſeemed ſlow unto them. In the mean time the heretick laughing at our *Saints* enterprize, gather'd great ſtore of people together, and venting among them ſuch impious conceits, as awaken'd the thunderbolts of Heaven, did not ceaſe to deride the propoſed agreement.

But our Saint on the contrary ſide, being ſad he had cauſe to neceſſitate miracles, who is able to expreſs the great reverence, with which he prepared himſelf for that high undertaking? Who can tell the humility, with which he preſented himſelf in his prayers to God? *He* making his body with faſting, and diſciplines, an animated ſpectacle of pitty

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and compaſſion, and darting from his eyes a holy deſire, ſaid ſighing in this manner. O my good God, to what a ſtrange paſs, is thy holy worſhip, and religion reduc'd in this place? To experience thy Divinity with a mule? To try if thou art God, with a beaſt? This is ſo great a preſumption and boldneſs, that none but a Devil would have offer'd to conceive it. How can theſe Creatures, which bear thy own image, be ſo ſenſeleſs in knowing thee, that a vile and baſe beaſt may teach and inſtruct them? Is therefore thy *Divinity* ſo concealed, and unknown, that the *Stars* with their rayes, the World with all it's beauty, the herbs, plants, and flowers, cannot witneſs ſufficiently thy omnipotency, and that nothing is impoſſible to thee? Where are the greateſt torments, and moſt devouring flames, that they come not to conſume theſe blind ſouls, and mine among the reſt which preſumes to tempt thee in favour of them? Ah, O good God, the authour of my being, and the happineſs and life of my thoughts, how worthy ſhould I be to be puniſht amongſt them if thou ſaw'ſt not the ſecrets of my mind? But ſince 'tis moſt true, that nothing can retreat, and lye hid from thy eyes, thou

ſeeſt what deſign moves my heart, to make theſe addreſſes to thee.

Having ſaid ſo, and receiving inward comfort, which invited him to hope for good ſucceſs, he ſpent all the limited time in exerciſes of devotion. The deſtin'd day appearing in the end, the people, who knew of that high and great enterprize, aſſembled themſelves on the piazza, where their wiſperings, their ſcoffings, and opinions cannot poſſibly be related.

But our Saint thinking onely of God, and wholly recollected in him, very humbly ſaid Maſs, where renewing his ſighes, and his prayers with the greateſt devotion, he was filled with Heavenly zeal, and the ſacrifice ended, taking into his hand the moſt bleſſed *Sacrament*, he accompani'd by many of the faithfull with torches and candles, went to the piazza, where the triall was to be. Now the mule with his Maſter, and an infinite company of people ſtood expecting St. *Anthony*, who encompaſs'd with the faithfull aforeſaid, preſented himſelf, while all with admiration and quietneſs attended the iſſue of the thing. The heretick with a ſive-full of oats, went to his hungry mule, and putting them often to his

noſe,

noſe, to ſtirr up his appetite the more, threw them down at his feet on a heap.

Then the Saint alittle elevating the moſt holy *Sacrament*, with a venerable countenance lookt ſtedfaſtly on the mule, and ſpeaking divinely, ſaid the following words. O beaſt leſs unreaſonable, and leſs obſtinate then thy Maſter, I command thee in the name of thy Creator, to come and adore preſently this Heavenly Sacrament, the true body and blood of our *Saviour* Jeſus Chriſt. *Shew* reverently the truth, I ſo often have preacht to thy Maſter, and which he ſo obſtinately hath refus'd to believe, and adore God obediently, the Creator and Redeemer of the World.

At this ſaying the mule (O God, and how can ſuch wonders unheard of, be related without tears) not regarding the oates and the hay, brought thither by his Maſter, preſented himſelf before the bleſſed Saint, who reſembling an animated tabernacle, held immoveably in his hands, the moſt bleſſed Sacrament, and kneeling on the gronnd, as if capable of reaſon, with a certain kind of poſture expreſſing admiration and humility, beheld the bleſſed Sacrament, and as a mute teſtimony, confeſſiug that the moſt ſacred

cred body of the Saviour of the World, was truly, and really there, ſtood immoveable, and beholding it ſtedfaſtly, ſince he could not expreſs it by words.

All the people there preſent being mov'd with ſo prodigious a miracle, brake forth into the tears of a holy aſtoniſhment, and the owner of the mule being full of confuſion, which cauſed him to tremble and look pale, fell proſtrate on the Earth, ſpeaking thus.

I confeſs (ſaid he, directing his ſpeech towards the moſt holy Sacrament) I confeſs O my Lord Jeſus Chriſt. That under the *Species* of bread we now ſee, thy moſt immaculate body is really contained, which born of the ever B. Virgin *Mary*, dyed and roſe again triumphantly and gloriouſly aſcended into Heaven. I confeſs my own blindneſs hath been ſo very great, a mule hath been able to inſtruct me in my faith. Whereupon being ſorry for my errour, I humbly beg my pardon of God, and abjure and deteſt each opinion, but what is commanded by the Catholik Church, moſt heartily beſeeching him, that though for my ſins, I deſerve to be thrown into hell, yet out of his mercy, which is ſo peculiar and proper to him, his Majeſty will be pleaſed,

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to receive me into favour. And since by your means, O Saint, the great servant of God, I know the reall presence is there, pray to God for me, that I may obtain the pardon I desire.

Then the *Saint* turning to him, said thus, God pardon thee, O Son, I beseech him, and blessing him afterwards with the most holy Sacrament, did command the hungry beast to rise up, and eat. The Mule obeyed him quickly, and his admired readiness was the last act of wonder, which perfected the miracle.

In the mean time St. *Anthony* discoursing a little to the people, reprov'd their incredulity, and communicating in the presence of all, and blessing them afterwards, went away praysing God.

The Seventh Chapter.

THe inhabitants of *Rimini* instructed in this manner, with the power and force of miracles, could not doubtless have any one among them, that obstinataly persisted in heresie. To look upon the Sea, and yet not remember, that a little before, the waves had taught them

them leſſons of devotion To behold the Land, and yet not reflect, that the obſtinateſt Creature on the Earth, had newly given teſtimonies of the Catholick verity, were ſuch apparent truths, as could not be denyed. But as wicked *Men* are the worſt conditioned Creatures in the World, ſo 'tis not any wonder, that the miracles of our *Saint* converted not intirely all the ſouls of that people.

What avails it thee, O *Anthony* (he ſaid to himſelf) to have ſo great a thirſt for the Salvation of others, to have diſtill'd thy heart into ſighes, and by opening, with the force of thy fervent ſupplications, the treaſures of God, to have ſo ſubverted the orders of nature, that thy miracles do not ſtupifie, and take away ſenſe, but refine it, if ſuch high endeavours cannot cauſe the converſion of one ſingle City in *Romagna*.

Some hereticks reſided in *Rimini*, who blown with the breath of oſtentation, and popular applauſe, had treacherouſly made uſe of their hereſie as a ſtep to aſcend to their ends, and the gaining of followers, which otherwiſe they would have failed of. Wherefore reckoned as Men, who alone amongſt Chriſtians, were ſtick-

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lers for the faith, they not onely with this title, gain'd the love and affection of many, but likewiſe acquired abundance of riches.

Their doctrines being therefore ſo many *Cornucopias* to all their deſires, they wallow'd like hypocrites in all ſenſuality, and managing mens conſciences, and hoarding up money, led a life moſt conformable to their *Genius*. They therefore obſerving that the miracles of our Saint, not onely amongſt men, had made them looſe wholly as it were, the opinion of their wiſdom, but that to the loſs of their pleaſures and eaſe, ſucceeded the other of their credit (reaſon of State prevailing more with them, then the power and force of truth, which they could not be ignorant of) they reſolv'd to kill St. *Anthony*, and remove by his death, the cauſe of their diſaſters.

Having wickedly reſolv'd on the thing, they debated a while on the manner, and ſuppoſing if they did it with the ſword, the fact would be revealed with as many loud tongues, as the drops of blood ſtreaming from his ſacred body, they determined to commit the execution to poyſon.

Let him dye, they ſaid with poyſon,

for

for designing our ruine. Let his heart burst with venome, since in that naughty covert, no other thoughts resided, but what intended mischief, and destruction to us. Our delights, and satisfactions shall not have an end, untill they be accompanied with the end of his life, who tumbled us down from the top of our fortune.

So providing a very costly dinner, they mingled deadly spices in the sauces, and dishes, and concealing in the meat destructive ingredients, invited St. *Anthony* to dinner.

Wither goest thou O Saint, at their invitation, who under the masks of affection and kindness, would consign thee to death? Will Heaven, after all thy great fastings, thy disciplines, and prayers for the benefit of souls, as a reward of thy pains decree thee a cup of poyson? Shall a table, a refectory to others, be thy ruine, and destruction? Shall a dish, which presents meat to others, be a sepulcher to thee? And who ever heard of the like inhumanity?

Now St. *Anthony* come into the room, where the table was furnisht, fixt his thoughts upon God, and making the signe of the Cross, as he was about to eat,

eat, knew, the meat ſet before him, was poyſon'd, wherefore turning to the company, with a countenance full of Majeſty and zeal, ſaid the following words.

What meat do you ſet before me? Do you think peradventure, I am like *Mithridates*, and can feed upon poyſon? Can you under the notion of friendſhip, invite me to dinner, and deprive me here of life? For what have I deſerv'd to be poyſou'd by you? Ah, is this the charity, which God does command, we ſhould uſe to our neighbours.

So he ſpake unto them, and darted ſuch a zeal from his eyes, as was able to confound hell it ſelf. But they void of all ſhame, moſt boldly replyed.

We have thee where we would, ſayes not Chriſt in the Goſpell, whoſoever ſhall eat, or drink in his name any hurtfull, or poyſonous thing, ſhall receive no harm at all! *Eat* thou therefore of this meat, or confeſs that the Goſpell is falſe, for one of the two thou canſt not avoid.

When St. *Anthony* heard that, he could not on the ſuddain repreſs thoſe apprehenſions of horrour, which the thoughts of our own ruine, and deſtruction, infuſe. Wherefore ſeeing on the one

ſide,

ſide, that to eat of thoſe meats, was in a certain manner to tempt Almighty God, who had revealed to him, their treachery and deceits to the end he might avoid them, and conſidering on the other ſide, that if he did not taſt them, he inferred, he believed not the words of the Goſpell, he floated in an Ocean of thoughts.

What ſtraights art in O Saint? When he had in this manner been wavering awhile, about what he ſhould do, he inſpired by God, ſaid with a cheerfull countenance.

Brethren, to the end ye may know, that the words of my dear Chriſt, the infallible truth, cannot poſſibly err, and that what the Goſpel declares, cannot ſuffer contradiction, lets covenant together, that incaſe I do eat, of theſe poyſoned meats, and they do me no harm, ye will deteſt your hereſies, and promiſe to be Catholicks, by living according to the faith of the Church of *Rome*, but in caſe they do me harme, and I dye, ye will moſt aſſuredly believe, the Goſpel notwithſtanding is not falſe, nor the words of Chriſt untrue, but that God would puniſh me, for my boldneſs in tempting him.

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The Hereticks likeing well the conditions, St. *Anthony* laid his hand on these poysoned meats, and with such a milde, and so gracious a look, as could not but soften the most barbarous spectator, began to eat and drink, while they in the mean time being doubtfull and amazed, stood expecting the issue, in order to the compassing of their wicked designes. And some of them relying on the rules of Phylosophy, supposed it impossible such a vigorous Poyson should not produce it's usuall effects, and therefore seemed to see by degrees the colours of death shadowed in his face. They now phancied, that the clearness, and serenity in his eyes, began to hast away, and to usher in a deadly obscurity. Thus deluding themselves with illusions, and shews, which still do accompany an earnest desire, they were so farr assured of his death, that wagers were laid of the various success they expected.

But when they had seen, the time allowed the poyson to work, passed away without effect, they poysoned with astonishment, began to be affraid, and to tremble, insomuch as they reflecting on their treachery, fell prostrate to the Earth, humbly asking God pardon, and de-

deteſting the blindneſs of their former ill Life. Wherefore promiſing the Saint to live ever after in the Catholick Church, they beſought his interceſſion for them.

Let a *Seraphin* now come, and with a tongue of fire enflaming the hearts of the inhabitants of Heaven, ſing the triumphs of this Saint, and let all the World be his audience. Let his words infuſe glory, and deſign as many Crowns for his Temples, as the periods in his Panegirick, and prayſing him as a Martyr in deſire, for ſuch this triall made him, let him add to the lillie of his ſacred virginity, lawrell diſplaying in the leaves an actuall deſire of dying for Chriſt. Who will then refuſe to reverence in our Saint, the colours of the Purple and Pearl, with which his name enjemm'd, will for ever be renown'd in the mouths of the living.

The Citty of *Rimini* being purg'd in this manner from the contagion of *Hereſie*, St. *Anthony* undertaking new enterprizes, as a Pilot, which ſteers through new Seas, hoiſed ſail from that Countrey.

At that time in *Verona*, lived *Ezelin* the ſtink of the World, and Monſter of Beaſts,

Beasts, who borne, when the Stars were averse, and most hatefull to Men, had a temper of body so desirous of destruction, that it seem'd each little part of his limbs contained a fury. To behold the Physiognomy of his face, was to see represented so lively all the images of cruelty, that the air of his countenance seemed properly the region of thunderbolts and tempests.

He that would penetrate his thoughts, could not think of a thing less dreadfull then an Earth-quake, and less obscure, and profound then a bottomless pit. Tears, blood, and sighes, were the objects most gratefull to his bowels, whose form and substance seem'd distill'd from the matter, of which nature makes Tygers hearts.

Having therefore a malice in his eyes, and venome in his mouth, he cast not a look, which did not affright, nor utter'd a word, which did not destroy. Wherefore dwelling in a pallace, which resembling deaths shop, was furnisht with nothing but gibbets, axes, halters, knives, fires, and pincers, it seem'd the inhabitant was answerable to the house, and the halberds of his guard, like so many glittering tongues, clearly witnessed his Tyranny and cruelty. Fame

Fame therefore being tyred with relating the multitude of his infamous actions, now conceal'd as ſmall ſins, his ſuffering many innocent perſons to be famiſht in priſon, his gelding Men and boyes, his cutting of Womens breaſts, his cauſing many wretches to be thrown headlong down from high Towers, his putting out eyes, and cutting off tongues, and the noſes, and lips of many pretended to be guilty.

They conceal'd now his robbing honeſt Men of their goods, and enriching himſelf and his murtherers with them. That he hated all peace, and ſtill fomented warr, being cauſleſly jealous, and killing without mercy. That he made widowes deſolate, oppreſſed the orphans, and divorced married perſons. They only related, as an execrable act of his impiety, his pillaging of Churches, murthering religious people, diſpoſing Church livings, crediting ſuperſtitions, and denying Jeſus Chriſt.

Falne therefore from the company of the faithfull, and excommunicated for a Heretick, the eyes of all *Italy* were faſten'd upon him, and particularly *St. Anthony*, who advancing towards *Verona*, with intention to divert him in the way

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of perdition no ſooner got thither, but perceived in every place, a ſad, and horrid ſilence, the walls themſelves ſeeming as as it were, to breath ſolitude and melancholy.

The gates were ſeen guarded with Souldiers, the horrour of whoſe armes added fierceneſs to their grim and ugly looks, while the reſt of the City was ſolitary, unfrequented and mute. The inhabitants were thin, and with dejected countenances did walk up and down very ſadly and pale, carrying tears in their eyes repreſſed with fear, and weighing their looks with care and circumſpection, inſomuch as the City for the want of the people repreſented a deſart.

The Saint entering in, and advancing to the room of the Tyrant, found him in the middle of his murtherers, as a Devil in the midſt of the furies, whoſe diſmall and black throne had nothing about it relating to pompe, which did not as a Character of pride, infuſe likewiſe fear. His Miniſtery ſtood obſerving his orders, with the readineſs and promptitude, with which the leſſer Devils do *Belzebubs*, he finiſhing no ſooner his commands, then they executing and performing them.

Now

Now *St. Anthony*, come before him, without the leaſt ſhew of reſpect, began in this manner. And till when O cruell Tyrant, will thy execrable heart, take delight in the tears, the blood, and the ruine of Men? Till when will thy thoughts deſign the deſtruction of others, thy words denounce death, and thy actions be foul, and ſacrilegious? The ſlaughters, deaths, and cruelties, in which thou art plung'd even up to the eyes, cry to Heaven for vengeance, and fame hath not a tongue, which is not defiled with thy hainous tranſgreſſions, and yet O mad Man, doſt thou forfeit thy reaſon, and perceiveſt not, that the horrour of thy ſins, makes the Elements conſpire againſt thee, and all living Creatures thy Enemies? Look but about thee, and behold how thou haſt trampl'd on peace, deſtroyed religion, ſpoyled the altars, and killed the prieſts, and tell me if they ſeem not to thee undeniable witneſſes, to accuſe every minute to God, and wreſt out of his hands the thunderbolts againſt thee? What mean theſe cruell ſwords, and theſe murthering weapons here about thee, with which thou ſupporteſt thy tyranny, and defendeſt thy ſelf? Waſt thou not

not born a Man? Was't not nouriſht with the milk of the breaſts? Had'ſt thou not the uſe of reaſon from Heaven? And was't not with the water of Baptiſm adopted the Son of God? And inſtead of profeſſing humanity, of loving thy fellow Creatures and exerciſing clemency and juſtice, do'ſt thou, trampling on the laws, ſubverting the provinces, oppreſſing the people, and deſtroying mankind, become a wild beaſt, a fury, and a Devil let looſe? How long doſt imagine Gods anger will refrain from deſtroying thee? How long doſt thou think, the Earth will forbear, to open it ſelf, and to ſwallow thee alive? God puniſhed *Nimrod*, deſtroyed *Goliah*, and cut of *Holophernes*'s head by the hand of a Woman, and hop'ſt thou to live, and to raign, who art farr more wicked, and a crueller Tyrant? And what art thou doing O my God, in whoſe moſt dreadfull ſight no wickedneſs long remains, that thou hear'ſt not yet the groans, and ſeeſt not the tears of ſo many poor people, which this barbarous Monſter hath caus'd to be butcher'd.

In this manner ſpake *St. Anthony*, who warmed with the Heavenly zeal, exclaimed againſt him, while the Tyrant

affraid of his menaces, and countenance, with paleneſs and trembling deſcended from his throne, and penitently put his girdle round his neck, then proſtrating himſelf at his feet, as a wolfe, which becomes a meek lamb, began to ſhed tears, and beg pardon of God, beſeeching the Saint to intercede for him.

What mean ye wondering eyes, that ye are not content in contemplating on wonders? Come and ſee this prodigie, a greater than which was never ſeen in *Italy*. *Ezelin* the contemner of laws, and one that ſupported his Tyranny with his ſlaughters and cruelties, that Monſter I ſay, whom the forces of Kingdoms could not conquer and ſubdue, comes trembling, dejected, and weeping, and layes down his neck at the feet of a bare-footed Fryar, humbly begging his pardon. O wonders of St. *Anthony* incapable of wonder, becauſe, they deprive him of ſenſe that beholds them!

Now when the Saint had ſeen ſuch a great demonſtration of repentance, he fatherly admoniſhed the Tyrant, and inducing him to make frequent promiſes to God, that he would not offend him any more, he departed full of ſpirituall joy. In the mean time the ſtanders by aſto-

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niſh't, as perſons aſſur'd, the Tyrant would have brained St. *Anthony* at his uttering of the firſt word, could not digeſt the wonder of ſeeing him humbl'd, who was the throne of pride, Wherefore *Ezelin* perceiving it, ſaid, wonder not Gentlemen, for while the holy Father was ſpeaking to me his face was ſo majeſtique and dreadfull, with the glory about it, that I thought even then, that hell would have devoured, & ſwallowed me up.

Moſt fortunate victory, if God had been pleas'd, it might have continu'd. But the ſins of *Italy* deſerving ſtill Gods wrath, *Ezelin* not only returned to his vomit, but to try the Saints holineſs caus'd ſome of his Murtherers, to preſent him a rich guift, and in caſe he accepted it, to deprive him of life.

They therefore arriving him, with a fained humility began in this manner. *Ezelin* our Prince underſtanding how acceptable you are unto God, hath ſent you this ſmall charity, recommending himſelf to your prayers.

O Saint, he values thee at, the rate of a Jewell, ſince he would ſet thee in gold. Who can ſay, he does not love thee, if the greateſt expreſſion of love be in a preſent? To refuſe what he ſends thee,

is the way to provoke him to the anger which he himſelf miraculouſly appeas'd. Tis prudence to ſubmit to occaſions, when occaſions may procure our diſturbance.

So the Devil ſuggeſted to him, as ſoon as the preſent was offered him. But the Saint, who ſuſpected the gift, as accompanied with death, looking ſternly on the murtherers, reply'd. I made not my ſelf poor to be rich, nor are my prayers mercinary to any. The greateſt preſent *Ezelin* could make me, would be to change his life, and reſtore to the poor, the goods unjuſtly taken from them. Such are theſe you offer me, and as ſuch, though I had no other cauſe to refuſe them, I would alwaies deteſt them. And when he had ſaid ſo, he turned his back on them, and left them confounded and aſtoniſht. The Tyrant underſtanding the thing, ever after from that inſtant, had the *Saint* in high eſteem, and abſtaining for his ſake from many great enormities, commanded his Miniſters, though they heard him in his ſermons exclaim againſt him, not only not to trouble him at all, but to honour and reſpect him very highly.

For theſe, and ſuch like actions, our Saint grown, remarkable, did walk up

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and down as an Angel Guardian through the ſtreets of *Verona*. But unable to indure the ill ſmell of the Tyrants moſt deteſtable villanies, and knowing God reſerved him as a puniſhment to ſinners, he departed very ſoon from the City, and went to preach in *Padoua*.

He there opening the ſame *School* to Religion and Piety, in which he had employed himſelf in other places, enlightned with his doctrine thoſe that ſtray'd from the right path, and caus'd his own works to incite and ſtir up others to vertue. The *Padouans* therefore receiving the fruit of the labours and ſweat, which diſtilled from his forehead, now known to be holy, in the exerciſes of the Catholick Religion, held him in the greateſt veneration and eſteem, devoutly obſerving his directions and counſels.

In the mean time thoſe ſacred dayes arrived, which being the anniverſary of the Paſſion of our Saviour, are deſervedly call'd holy. In theſe the Saint hearing Confeſſions, and admoniſhing his Penitents with zeal, and perſwading them with *Love*, endeavour'd to free them by the authority of the Sacraments, from the ſnares of thoſe ſins, which threatned their damnation.

Amongſt others of St. *Anthonies* Penitents was a certain ſturdy youth, abounding with vices, who having committed many hainaus offences, and toucht with compunction and contrition, reſembling a baſe mettal transform'd into gold by the Phyloſophers Stone, did regenerate himſelf by the vertue of Confeſſion at his feet.

There among other accuſations, with the teſtimony of his tears, having proved himſelf guilty, he ſaid that his mother reprehending him once for coming home late in the night, he diveliſhly angry lifted up his foot againſt her and kickt her almoſt dead to the ground.

St. Anthony affrighted at that execrable act, what pains did he not feel, by reflecting on the wickedneſs and malice of men? What ſighs did he not vent from his heart, when he called to minde, the impudent licence they take in abuſing the commandements of God? Turning therefore to the youth, he lookt not ſeverely upon him, for his charity made him pitty him, but uniting on the tip of his tongue, all the vigour and power, the zeal of the honour of God could dictate and adminiſter to him, reproved him in that manner, that every word he ſpake, was enough to confound with

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meer ſhame a *Devil* himſelf, and told him in the end, his foot did deſerve to be cut off, God in preſerving him alive, having ſhew'd an act of his clemency only proper to his infinite goodneſs. Then hearing the reſt of his confeſſion, and giving him penance, he ſent him away very contrite and ſad.

What cannot the power of the *Sacraments* effect, in a ſoul diſpos'd and fit for *Heavenly* grace? The young man going home, did not tread the leaſt ſtep, which water'd particularly with a ſhower of his tears, did not ſerve as an aſcent, to raiſe him to the knowledg of his errours. His memory was a wheel full of raſors, which pierced his heart with the burning of his bitter reflections, and he thinking all the pains of the damned inferiour to his ſins, would have ſighed himſelf to death, if he had not been affraid of offending of God, by oppoſing his will.

Now being come home, and locking himſelf in his chamber, as if the ſhame of being beheld, had curbed the violence of his ſorrow, he began. And why have I not a thouſand hearts to break to pieces, that with a thouſand lives, I might ſatisfie for my ſins? And why have I not in my power all the puniſhments (he ſaid

weeping ſoftly) which heaven inflicts ſometimes on ſinners, to the end I might afflict and torture my ſelf, who am the greateſt ſinner alive? Shall God create me, to ſerve and obey him, and ſhall I, by declining from his holy commandements, live only to offend him? What ſtrange *Stars* were thoſe which at my conception, formed a body ſo inclined unto evil, which would be as monſtrous among men, as irrational among beaſts? Was my mother ſo unfortnnate to nouriſh a perſon deſigned for the ſcandal of *Padoua*, and wonder of mankind? Ah Mother! And when I was a child, thou did'ſt hug, and embrace me, cheriſh me when a Youth, and direct me when a Man. And yet my diſordinate courſes ſtill afflicted thy heart, though thy counſels and tears were not wanting to admoniſh, and perſwade me to virtue. And what have I done for all thy fears for me? *How* have I obſerved the commandements of God, and thy motherly precepts? Returned I not them with a kick? Did the foot thou engendreſt for thy help and ſupport, beat thee down to the ground? Did the plant, from which thou hopedſt to receive the fruit of life, cauſe thy death as it were? And ſhall I indure, to have

have ſuch a hatefull part ſo near me? Shall I walk on ſo abominable a foundation and pretend notwithſtanding to follow the way of Chriſt? With what reaſon did St. *Anthony* tell me, my foot did deſerve to be cut off? It ſhall not be ſaid, I puniſht not my body in that manner, as did not clearly witneſs the contrition of my heart.

And here being full of a zeal, which made him hate himſelf, for now he began to love God, he took up a hatchet which was in the room, and laying his foot on a block, cut it off.

The rumour, together with his anguiſh and blood, which coloured ſoon the floor, informed his mother quickly, who dwelt not farr off, of the unexpected accident. She running thither, and comming into the room, ſaw her ſon on the Ground, who venting his life with his blood, had his foot divided from the leg.

Ah, ſhe began to cry out, what's the matter O *Son*? But the paſſage to her words being blockt up with ſorrow, ſhe ſwounded, falling down by his ſide, which thoſe of the family obſerving, they called in the neighbours to help her, and caus'd many people to flock to the place. Whereupon the youth interrogated, how he came by that diſaſter, replied.

That being at Confeſſion, and St. *Anthony* telling him, the foot he had kickt his mother with, deſerved to be cut off, he moved with contrition, had followed his counſel.

This information highly ſtirred the ſtanders by, ſo as in all haſt, they applied all the remedies they could unto them, and thoſe of their kindred quickly ran to St. *Anthonies* Cell, and chiding him ſoundly, and threatning him much, imputed the miſchance unto him, permitting him very hardly to go out of their hands. But the *Saint* like a rock unſhaken with their bellowes, with a calme and quiet countenance, in which his humility was tranſparent, ſaid to them.

Be not troubled my Sons, the arme that gave that miſerable blow, received not the motion from my counſell. I ſaid his foot deſerved to be ſevered from the leg but bid him not cut it off. Lets go to ſee him, and endeavour to help him. God is not ſo ſparing of his mercies, to deny acts of pitty, even to thoſe that are unworthy of his favours.

And when he had ſaid ſo, he went with the Company, to the houſe of the languiſhing youth, were admiring the ſimplicity of his heart, by his cutting off his foot,

foot, he devoutly fell to prayer.

The ſtanders by being curious, obſerved him, and ſaw, that he lifting up his eyes unto Heaven, with his mind no leſs fixed on God, then his arms laid a croſs on his breaſt repreſented in his countenance the affectionate and compaſſionate, requeſt, he offered up to God, which infuſed a lively hope into all, notwithſtanding all there, when his prayer was at an end, expected what would follow with anxiety and trouble.

Now *St. Anthony* ariſing from the ground, took up the foot cut off, and going to the bed, where the youth lay in an agony, faſtened it to his leg, and making the ſign of the croſs, ſpake to him in this manner. Have faith, O Son, and beware you offend God no more. And when he had ſaid ſo, his foot knit again, ſo miraculouſly to the leg, that the leaſt skarr appeared not.

The anguiſh therefore ceaſing in an inſtant, and the youth receiving vigour from Heaven, roſe up no leſs aſtoniſht then glad and his Mother almoſt dead for very joy, as ſhe had been a little before for affliction, could not forbear weeping for gladneſs, together with the perſons there preſent, who were raviſht

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and devout. Whereupon with loud and joyfull acclamations, the City quickly ringing of the ſame, they could not be ſatisfied with reverencing, and commending St. *Anthony*.

Padoua made happy in this manner, with the great and glorious acts, which almoſt every day where done by our Saint, did not envy the *Macedonians* for their *Alexander*, nor the *Jewes* for their *Solomon*.

This City, whoſe founder is ſaid to be *Antenor* the *Trojane*, is ſeated in one of the moſt pleaſant Territories of *Italy*. There the moſt beautifull plain, where the river *Brenta* runs, ſerving for its pedeſtal, and the *Euganean* hills encompaſſing it round, it diſplaies it's ſtrong walls and magnificent ſtructures, of which the Publick Schools, and the Palace are moſt eminent.

It is likewiſe renown'd for the Garden of ſimples, in which, as in a breviate of the World, forraign plants do grow, which brought from ſeveral climates, and ſoyles, 'tis a wonder, they ſhould thrive, in a Country ſo much different from their own. *Padoua* therefore happy for the air and ſcituation, and abundance of all things very neceſſary for mans life, is no

wayes inferiour to any other City in the World.

And being now the theater, as well of the miracles, as the lectures of our Saint, was doubly renoun'd for his actions and learning. For the Chapter of *Assisi* declaring St. *Anthony* the Reader general of the order, he not only long before had read in *Tolosa*, and afterwards in *Bologna*, but read then at *Padoua*, to the students great advantage and profit.

What may we imagine, were the arguments he us'd, who with a continuall contemplation rais'd to the School of Paradise, learnt there all the doubtfullest questions, and the truest and most solid solutions of the same? How sweet and how powerful may we fancy his words, which flowing from a mouth, which the holy Ghost often repleniſht, could not choose but be all fire, and all love, all knowledg and all goodness.

And O thou happy wood, which reduc'd into the form of a Chair, deservedst so often to contain his holy limbs, how wilt thou be envied by those triumphal chariots which ran in such glory to the Capitol? But 'twas very dubious, which in *Padoua* prevailed, or gave place, to wit the Pew, or Pulpit of our Saint.

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For if in the former, he informed their understandings, in the latter he instructed their Consciences. If there he used arguments for the solving of questions, he here let fall tears, to reconcile adversaries: and in fine, if in that he had a book before his eyes, in this he had a Crucifix in his hands. The concourse of the people was so great, which came to his sermons, that like an inundation, they thronging from the Towns, and the neighbouring villages, not only made the Churches but the piazza of the City incapable to contain them, so as he was forced to preach without the walls in the fields, where the Heaven was the roof, and the Earth the floor, and pavement. And yet too, to get near him, they were forc't to come or'e night, to take up their places, and lye on the forms till the morning.

Hence it came to pass, that our Saint was the Generall Father of the *Padowans*, and a comfort, help, and remedy to all in affliction. Whereupon each one thinking he was happy, that could discourse with him, and enjoy him, many of the Gentlemen endeavoured particularly to receive him in their houses, and to honour and respect him as was fit. But he, who detested, and mortally ab-

abhorred, all the honours and pleaſures of the World, had much to do all day, to diſengage himſelf, and decline their entreaties.

Yet he, earneſtly beſought by a Gentleman, who perhaps had need of him, went and ſtaid at his *villa* two dayes, which was not farr from *Padoua*, where being entertained with all the demonſtrations of affection and regard, the Gentleman had the curioſity to obſerve and watch his actions, to ſee if in reality, his life and converſation was ſo holy and unblemiſht, as fame had ſo glorioufly delivered it.

Having therefore expected the time, when our Saint uſed to ſhut up himſelf into his chamber, he ſoftly approached to the door and lookt in at the key hole, obſerving what he did. And behold a Heavenly brightneſs is preſented to his ſight, with which the room illuminated, had changed the light into a moſt reſplendent Eaſt.

He amazed at ſo much ſplendour, lookt more earneſtly in, and ſaw, (ah ſight) Chriſt being deſcended from Heaven, in the form of a moſt beautifull child, ſtood upright on St. *Anthonies* bed, while he kneeling kiſt moſt humbly

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his feet, and held him in his arms.

The Gentleman died not of pleaſure at ſo lovely a ſpectacle, for death could not exerciſe his power in that ſpheare, in which the Sun of righteouſneſs was reſplendent. But he was ſo tranſported and raviſht, that he had quite forgot himſelf tranſfuſing all his ſoul into the Chamber.

Fortunate Gentleman, to receive ſuch a gueſt into his houſe, who deſerv'd to be viſited of God. 'Tis beſt to conceal his conſolations and comforts, ſince the tongue of a Seraphin would fail in expreſſing them.

The Eight Chapter.

ST. *Anthony* returned from the *Villa* aforeſaid to the City, encreaſed his renown by his miracles. The hours, that paſs'd away, in which he did not good to this, or that perſon, did not ſeem to be the daughters of the time, which meaſured the motions of his Life.

Padoua therefore happy in having this ſeraphical Protector, had neither Street,

nor

nor houſe, where ſome of the family related not ſome benefit, received. If either grief oppreſſing the mind, caus'd the eyes to overflow, or anger laying hold on a ſword, quench it's thirſt in the blood of another, no hand ſooner dried up ſuch ſprings, then that of our miraculous Saint. His life being therefore a Heaven, where his miracles ſerv'd for Stars, that we now ſhall recount, may deſerve to be called a Sun.

In *Lisbone* lived a beautifull youth (while our Saint had his reſidence in *Padoua*) who was as rich as noble, whereupon being favoured both by nature and fortune, his condition was the happier, in that his parents had no other child, and loved him as the apple of their eye, 'Twas a fine ſight to ſee him, as he paſſed along the Streets, his handſomneſs and bravery attracting all eyes, and perfuming the air as he went.

Loytering therefore up and down, his breaſt was fit matter to receive the flames of love which were kindled with the rayes of thoſe eyes, he caſually ſaw darted from a handſome young Lady.

It preſages ſome great thing, when we forfeit our liberty, at the ſight of a face. And if deſtiny were admitted among Chriſtians

Chriſtians, perhaps I might ſay without offence, the greateſt force and influence, which fate can have on us, is to make us enamoured.

This Gentlewomans Father (ſee how it fell out) was a very great enemy to the Father of the young Cavalier, and had three Sons, all Swordmen by nature, and Heirs to the hatred and affection of their Father ſo as ſhe could not be in a ſadder condition, and more to the lovers diſadvantage. However that encounter of their looks, was ſo forcible and ſtrong, that the young Man ſurprized by the brightneſs of her eyes, was depriv'd of himſelf, and impriſoned in a labyrinth of ſplendour. Yet retaining ſo much reaſon, as made him ſee the danger he was in, he ſaid to himſelf.

What do'ſt thou? Do'ſt ſee the guilded precipices, and yet doſt not avoid them? Doſt thou hope for a harbour of peace in a lodging of hatred, and think'ſt thou the tree, which is nouriſhed with poyſon, will bear ſugar'd fruit? Ah, behold not that object, which under the ſhew of a Serene, and Starry Heaven, conceals a Hell for thee? The artificial fires, which burn under water, are alwaies moſt dangerous, and the greateſt

calme

calme often foretells the greateſt tempeſt.

So reaſoning with himſelf, he paſſed by that way, without looking on her, and reſolved to behold her no more. But ſomething remaining in his phancy which like an inviſible painter, repreſented every hour to his intellect, the beautifull figure he had ſeen, he fought certain dayes about the reſolution, if he ſhould behold her, or no, whom if he had never beheld, would have been well for him. After long diſputes in fine with himſelf, he ſpake a little angerly in this manner.

What matter is't to ſee her? Are my ſenſes ſo powerfull, I cannot command them when I pleaſe. When a Man deprives himſelf of the liberty of his looks, 'tis a ſign that his actions are unworthy of the light. We may ſee for curioſity, and not for affection, and he that is affraid to behold two ſpakling eyes, ſhews he hath not the courage to ſee a drawn ſword.

Having ſaid ſo, with a geſture expreſſing a youthfull levity, he put on his ſword, and taking his cloak went directly to the Gentlewomans lodgings, and looking towards her window, ſtood gazing upon her.

She

She beheld, beholds again, and seems to him more beautifull, as he to her more gracions. Their souls meet in their eyes, they with their looks alone, understanding one another, and now without speaking beginning to love. But the young Cavalier recollecting himself, made use of his reason, and considering how dangerous that conjunction might prove, resolved a fresh never more to pass that way.

So a thousand times falling, and rising as often, being guilty and penitent in a moment, he repeated his relapses so often, that at last he was conquered and enamoured.

The fire spreads in his bowels, and flaming in the most noble part of his mind, hath no longer a curb to hinder it's passage, nor a law to restrain his desires. He discovers himself openly a lover, to whom he should by nature be an enemy, and by his frequent visits, salutations and congees, begins to be her servant. The Gentlewoman returnes his affection, and being more frail, and more easie, shews she is as much enamoured as he

The report of their loves being suddainly spread through the City, made every one admire, how treakle could be ga-

gathered from wolfes-bane, and of these were the Gentlewomans brothers.

To grow pale when they met him, and look awry, and spightfully upon him, was the prologue to the mischief they designed against him.

He perceived their alteration, but supposing it an effect of the feud between their fathers, hop'd that love could not occasion their hatred.

A lover is not easily affraid of disasters, in the mean time the Gentlewomans Brothers, observed that he walked alone, and by night, and considering that they could not have a better opportunity to destroy him; went secretly about it.

In the night time therefore, while the stars were most resplendent, and seem'd to have re-inforc't their rayes, the better to behold the misfortunes of this Lover behold he came sighing alone to the accustomed place committing his security to none but his sword, on which he couragiously relying thought himself preserved sufficiently from danger.

The murtherers meeting him (like black and moving Ghosts, having nothing to be seen but their swords) he declined not the encounter, albeit he did know them, but drew in his defence; and be-

began to thruſt at them. The fight endured a while, e're they heard any noiſe, but that of the claſhing of their weapons, but the Gentleman ſtumbling in the end at a ſtone, could not ſtay himſelf from falling, which his enemies obſerving, like ſo many furies fell upon him and killed him.

The image of his Miſtris being wounded in his heart invoked perhaps for aid his ſweet name, in thoſe his laſt ſobs, but could not ſtop his fugitive Soul. The murtherers to conceal their offence, being cloſe by the Garden, belonging to the *Houſe* of *St. Anthonies* Father, threw the Body into it, and left it in that place.

In the morning his parents not finding him at home, who is able to expreſs with what ſollicitude they ſought him? They knew of his loves, and many times had commanded him to refrain them, becauſe from a family, which profeſſed to hate them, they could have no hope of a firme and good alliance, wherefore fearing what might probably fall out, they went to the place, which he uſed to frequent.

They ſaw (ah fight) the Ground ſtained with the blood, and tract the freſh drops, which lead them to the wall of

of the garden(they being likewiſe ſtained) where getting up they ſaw lying under the trees, the corps of their Son.

What cryes did they then not ſend to Heaven? Being followed by others, who leaped down after them, they embrac't his dear limbs, and with tears, each of which contained a life, began to bath his wounds.

To tell the lamentations, the diſtractions, and deſpair, with which they afflicted themſelves, would be to attempt an impoſſible thing, and therefore for expreſſion of their ſorrow, tis enough to ſay they had no other child.

But they loſt not ſo themſelves in the offices of pitty, as not to look after the murtherers, and therefore ſome ſuſpecting Sir *Martin Bugiione*, ran quickly to the Juſtice, and bringing along, the *Sergeants* ſoon carried him to priſon.

The corps being afterwards brought home, and buryed with ſolemnity, like a child whom they loved, the proſecuted *Sir Martin*, and as they were powerfull in friends, they prevailed ſo farr, that the innocent was made guilty.

The accuſation being therefore made good, and the murther, though falſely, concluded, they haſtned the ſentence, and

and condemned Sir *Martin* to the ax.

Whats the matter Sir. *Martin*? Doſt finde by experience, that a good and vertuous life, ſecures not from an ignominious fortune, and that without cauſe, we may ſuffer in the World? What will the future ages relate of thy life, ſince being born a Gentleman, and imployed in ſuch offices of honour, thou wouldeſt be convicted of Murther and treaſon, and executed on a Scaffold? O *Stars*! And why with your rayes concur'd ye to my being, if the influences, which repleniſh't, and ſwelled my veins with blood, help to empty them on a *Scaffold*? *Learn* all by my example. *Fortune* and not Vertue is prevalent on the Earth.

So *St. Anthonies* Father bewailed in the priſon, which for the darkneſs, horrour, and loathſomneſs, little differ'd from a ſepulcher.

Now the hour of the dreadfull execution being come, and the deadly bell ringing, whoſe ſound infuſed ſadneſs, and gave the people notice, they flockt to the ſpectacle. The comforters came in proceſſion, with a crucifix in mourning, the enſigne of his miſery, and the *Sergeants* and *Souldiers*, were arm'd, and in troops, to ſecure the execution by their preſence.

The

The pale and fearful Citizens aſſembled themſelves in the *Street*, through which he was to paſſe, and looking on one another, did ſhrink up their *Shoulders*, as aſtoniſht at the accident. In the end the ſad Gentleman came forth, and began to advance with his hands tyed behinde him, the Executioner holding the rope, and the company reaching far, which followed in mourning.

His face expreſſed a horrour in his diſordered hair, and his hollow eyes and cheeks ſhewed the languiſhing condition of his head, which he was about to looſe.

O *Anthony*! Where art thou, O my *Son*, that thou ſeeſt not the diſaſter of thy afflicted *Father*? Ah I know full well, if thou didſt but behold me, thou wouldſt run to help me. But ſince thou art not able to aſſiſt me, while I live, I am ſure when thou heareſt of my death, thou wilt pray for me, and make interceſſion for this ſoul, which loved thee ſo dearly, and free it from the pains it deſerves, for the ſins it hath committed.

Thus the Gentleman ſpeaking to himſelf, went on towards the place of execution.

As that was done in *Lisbone*, St. *Anthony* preaching in *Padoua* at that time, brake

off his diſcourſe on the ſuddain, and abſtracted in God, ſaw the danger his Father was in, knew he was innocent, and prayed for him. Then the *Lord* ſent an Angel, who carryed him in ſpirit to *Lisbone*, where he was in a moment, and appearing full of Majeſtie in the ſtreet, which his Father was obliged to paſs through, caus'd the hangman to ſtop.

Then calling for the Judges, he deſired the corps might be brought before them, whiles the Citizens no leſs wondring at his unlookt for preſence then imperious commands, were internally compelled to obey him.

Whereupon all the people were troubled, the proceſſion went back, and the Judges meeting at the Tribunal, commanded they ſhould execute what St. *Anthony* deſired. All *Lisbone* was diſordered.

The Sextons repaired to the *S*epulcher, and pulling up the corps with ropes, found it ſwelled, black and blew, and inclining to corruption. They preſented it to the Judges, where in preſence of many of the chief of the City, *St. Anthony* with a voice, that had power to revive a whole World, ſaid the following words.

O young Man, whoſe immature death afflicts in that manner thy parents, I command

mand thee to riſe in the name of the Lord, and to tell me, if my Father was the cauſe of thy death, but if any one elſe, diſcover not their names. And when he had ſaid ſo, he no ſooner had done making the ſign of the croſs towards the corps (O wonder deſerving every minute to be minded) but behold the youth opened his eyes, ſtirred, and roſe up full of vigour, aſſuring them, that he had not been killed, either by Sir *Martin Bugliose* himſelf, or any one elſe by his order, and appointment.

The ſilence, which made them look pale, and halfe dead, was ſeconded with a ſtrange and miraculous noiſe, cauſing all to invoke the names of Jeſus and Mary, and to bleſs themſelves often. Then the Gentleman turning towards *St. Anthony*, ſaid aloud.

Great ſervant of God, ſince thou haſt moſt miraculouſly delivered thy Father, from the temporall death, to which he was innocently condemned, free me I beſeech thee, from the everlaſting death I deſerve, for having offended the Majeſty of God. Abſolve me holy Father from the excommnication I incurred, and impetrate my pardon.

Having ſaid ſo, he was ſilent, and after

abſolution returned to the dead. Then St. *Anthony* vaniſht, leaving all there aſtoniſht, who reburied the Gentleman, while the *Saint* re-appeared in the Pulpit at *Padoua*, out of which he was departed but a little before.

There he inſpired by God, revealed to his audience, what place he had been in, and what had arrived, which cauſed the *Padouans* to wite in all haſt unto *Lisbone*, to have a full aſſurance of the thing, from whence they received a true and clear account, as well to the circumſtances, as time, inſomuch as they confounded, and aſtoniſht, did not ceaſe to render thanks unto Heaven and reverence our Saint, as a moſt prodigious worker of miracles.

He therefore received conſolation, by the progreſſes of devotion and piety, which he cauſed in that City, would have been fully comforted, if he had not ſeen his order, through the negligence of the Superiour, begin to grow remiſs.

St. *Francis* being dead, and ſome Generals of the order ſucceeding him, that dignity was devolved on Father *Elias*, who learned and well verſt in the affairs of the World, very eaſily acquired the favour of Princes, ſo as the rough habit

and

and auſterity of life inſtituted by that *Saint*, diſpleaſing him much, and ſeeming impoſſible as it were, for Men to obſerve, he obtained of the Pope, many priviledges, and exemptions, not ſo much for himſelf, as the Friars of his order.

Whereupon the courſe habit become ſoft, and ſmooth, and the corde much in faſhion, and uſed, which before for the roughneſs, ſeemed contemptible and vile, and the faſtings too, and prayers neglected and ſlackened, they were come to that liberty, to receive, and manage money.

The rule being therefore ſo large, and ſo eaſie, that it was not a penance, but delight, to obſerve it, made the number ſo encreaſe of Friar *Elias* his followers, that few abſtained from violating the firſt inſtitution, of which our *Saint* was principal, and an *Engliſh* Man Friar *Adam* his companion, with others of holy life.

The Generall therefore ſeeing, that they by not following his footſteps, divided the order, did perſecute them cruelly. Whereupon when our *Saint* with the reſt, had ſecretly bewailed theſe diſorders, and complained of him, they, in the open Chapter, oppoſed him to his face, and in-

veighing in that manner, againſt the violation of the lawes of their order, ſo beſtirred themſelves, they were forc't to go to *Rome*, and appeal to the Pope.

At that time raigned *Gregory* the ninth, a Man of great integrity and learning, and a favouret of the firſt inſtitution of St. *Francis*.

At his feet our Saint proſtrated himſelf, beſeeching him to reform thoſe abuſes, and ſcandalous conceſſions. And he ſhewing in his countenance and habit, how the rules were obſerved which God with his own mouth, had dictated to St. *Francis*, enflamed ſo the mind of the Pope, that a general Chapter was commanded in *Rome*.

When the Chapter was aſſembled (at which the Pope would perſonally aſſiſt) St. *Anthony* with few on his ſide, declar'd to his Holyneſs, the cauſe of their appeal, which was in reſpect of the hatred, Fryar *Elias* bore to all, who zealouſly proſecuted the firſt inſtitution, and renewing his complaints, and holy admonitions cauſed many of the Fryars, which adhered to the General, to bluſh.

The ſaid Father *Elias* was full of his reaſons, and excuſes, but they being vain and frivolous, ſhewed him proud, and ſeditious

ditious. Whereupon as well for this, as because he was so bold, to give St. *Anthony* the lye, the Pope put him out of his place, preferring to the same, a lover of the Evangeligall rule. Then commending, and respecting very highly our Saint, and giving him his blessing, he desired him to collect all his sermons, for the good of the publick, absolving him to this purpose, from all other charges and offices in the order.

St. *Anthony* freed in this manner from the City of *Rome*, went preaching through the provinces, returning in the end to the City of *Padoua*, where received with the reverence and joy, which every one may imagine, he attended to the exercises of preaching and prayer, as he formerly had done. And he cultivating the souls of the faithfull with his holy operations, and doctrine, reduced so that City in the space of a Lent, that many bitter enemies made peace with one another, the prisoners were released, offenses and debts remitted and forgiven, and that which most imports, old, and publick sinners returning to repentance, frequented so the Sacraments, that the Priests had hardly time to communicate them.

In this manner *St. Anthony* having fill'd with clean wheat, the Granary of the Lord, and ended in that time, in obedience to the Pope, and Cardinal of *Ostia*, thirteen books of his sermons on *Sundayes*, one of the *Saints*, and another of Lent, all full of great and deep learning, he began to perceive, the Lord would reward him for his pains.

O *Saint*, thou approacheſt to the Haven! Who will deny, thou haſt ſailed o're a troubleſome *Sea*, ſince thy life hath been a School of abſtinences, and wants, and thou haſt alwayes mortifi'd each ſingle deſire? What mornings of thy life, have not ſeen their own paleneſs, and purple, in thy faſtings, and diſciplines, and numbring thy tears with their dew, have not envied thee in the Heaven of a holy converſation.

But that tedious *Lent* being ended, *St. Anthony* deſiring to obtain a little reſt, retired to the field of St. *Peter*, a place appertaining to a Gentleman of *Padoua*, his acquaintance, who receiving ſuch a gueſt, what tongue can expreſs the revetent affection, and obſequions reſpect, with which he entertained him? The ſtones of the walls he called happy, which ecchood his voice, and kiſſed the ground

which

which sustained his holy feet.

His house being adorn'd with his best, and noblest furniture, to shew his devotion and respect to the Saint, he order'd the entertainment should be as abundant and noble, as the rooms were rich and stately, and the table no less delicately furnisht, then the bed was soft and fine.

But St. *Anthony* in the midst of the pleasures, which the World most affects, desir'd the humble poverty, he professed in his habit and manners, and therefore entreated *Sigre Tiso* (so the Gentleman was called) he would cause three little cells to be made near his Lodging (for whose walls, and covering, he would use mats and straw) the one for himself and the rest for Friar *Luke*, and Friar *Roger* his companions.

The Gentleman was astonisht, yet obeyed him, and considering, he desir'd, that his meat might be answerable to his lodging, he was frustrated of the great preparations he had made. Here in repose, and tranquility, which is found in poor cottages, he contemplated on his dear, and beloved Reedemer, and devoutly thankt our Lady, for freeing him from the danger he was in, when the Devil out of rage, at the beginning of the Lent

aforesaid, endeavoured to throttle him.

To presume to describe the affections the tenderness, and dialogues, which he had with his God, is onely for a pen, of a wing of a *Seraphin*. Whereupon I shall onely say this, that Cell was often turn'd into a Heaven, and served for a throne to the Creator of the World.

But though the divine Consolations must as well have added vigour to the body of our *Saint*, as made his soul happy, and whither his desire, and longing now at last after Heaven, had consumed him too much, or that his limbs wearied with labour, began to relax, he felt a grievous weakness. But believing to o're-come it with exercise, he went for recreation to the Oratory, which was not remote from the Friars of his order.

There he was received with the charity, peculiar and sutable to good religious Men, and accomodated in a poor little Cell, and there about midnight, when the darkness was most dreadfull on the face of the *Earth*, he rose up to prayer, according to his custom.

O my Lord (he said sighing) what pretendest thou from the weakness, thou permittest in my limbs? *Since* they are to be committed to the Earth, that my soul dis-

diſengage from all bonds, may flye into thy boſome, make thy hand heavier, and free at laſt my ſoul out of priſon. But if for my ſins, which are many and grievous, thou wilt lay more weight on my infirm, and weak body, ah mercifull God, withdraw now thy hand, for I would not have a burthen ſurpaſſing my ſtrength, but yet not my will, but thine be ſtill done. I ſhall think, if thou wilt lay me on a bed, and deſign me for torments, and patience, this is the onely way, to appeaſe the grievous pains, which I for my ſins, ſhall deſerve after death. Beſides, if thou chaſtize me, I ſhall the better ſerve thee, and calling to mind what thou haſt ſuffer'd for me, I ſhall ſeaſon my infirmities with the thoughts of thy paſſion. And who, O my Chriſt, will be happier then my ſelf, if I ſhall not in my ſickneſs, envy thoſe that are healthy and ſtrong? Theſe are the advantages, of him that does love thee, and ſerve thee, though wretch that I am, I love thee not, aud ſerve thee not according to my wiſh.

In this manner he ſpake, when behold on the ſuddain, the room was full of brightneſs, and he ſaw deſcend an Angel, whoſe ſerene and lovely countenance would have turned hell it ſelf without doubt into a Paradiſe. He

He glittering with ſplendour, which ſurpaſſed the Stars, approached to St. *Anthony*, and with a voice ſo ſweet, as was able to occaſion a trance, to all that deſerved to hear him, ſaid thus.

O Servant of God, who with ſo much fidelity and love, haſt hitherto performed thy part, be comforted in our Chriſt, who ſends me to tell thee, thou art near unto thy end. The glory prepared for thee in Heaven, is ſutable to the goodneſs of a God, who with a hundred fold does recompenſe each deſert of his ſervants. And beſides the honours he will give thee in Heaven, He'l make thy name great upon Earth, and illuſtrate this province with thy Sepulcher, prepare thy ſelf therefore for thy fortunate paſſage, for I among others expect thee with deſire.

So he ceaſed, and vaniſht, perfuming the chamber with the breath of a Paradiſe, and leaving St. *Anthony* in a ſweet, and pleaſant extaſie. But when he had recovered himſelf, what did he not feel, and relate? He wept out of tenderneſs, and trembled for fear, being enflam'd with an deſire, which he afterwards revoked, the acts of his will oppoſing one another by a holy diſquietneſs, he one while deſiring to dye, to enjoy that beatit ude,

titude, and another while desiring to live to merit in the service of God.

With this sense of humility, the most profound reflexions of which, were particular ascents, to raise his merit higher to glory, our Saint spent the rest of the night, some Friars afterwards coming to visit him about break of the day, he turning to a window, from whence he could discover the neighbouring fields, spake to them in this manner.

This plain will soon be famous, and renown'd by many people.

Awhile after he perceiving his end to approach, affectionately entreated Friar *Roger*, that now since his death was at hand (he desiring no longer to incommode those poor Friars) he would cause him to be carried to the house of our Lady, a monastery of that order in *Padoua*.

Friar *Roger* therefore speedily complying with his wish, the tears of his companions were not few, when they saw him go away, accomodated as well as they could on a cart. But albeit his journey was onely to the monastery in the City of *Padoua*, yet meeting with a friend, who told him that the visits, which would be made him there, would greatly disquiet him, he caused the Friars, who carried him,

him, to return, and conduct him to the oratory of *Arcela*, a place in the Countrey.

There the *Lord* called him in haſt, he ſaid the ſeven Pſalms, together with the Friars there preſent, and uttering each verſe with a particular act of compunction, repreſented to us, how fearfull we ſhould be of the juſtice of God, and how hope in his mercy. Then turning his thoughts to the moſt holy Virgin, as he ever had loved her in the time of his life, ſo he would at his death invoke her aſſiſtance. Whereupon when he had briefly, but powerfully thanked her, for the favours done to him, all along to that inſtant, he looking towards Heaven with a countenance, whoſe tranquility and calmneſs ſhewed him even at that time an inhabitant of Heaven, recited that hymne, O glorious *Lady*, &c.

Afterwards looking ſtedfaſtly upwards, and Friar *Roger* demanding what he ſaw, I ſee he replied, my dear Chriſt, who mercifully expects me at his feet, and in ſaying ſo, and commending to the Friars, the obſervance of their order, and the fear of the *Lord*, as a light, which in extinguiſhing, is reſplendent and bright, he died in ſo ſweet, and ſo peaceable a manner,

manner, that he lookt, as if he quietly slept. And his flesh on the suddain, which by abstinences and austerity, was swarthy, dry, and pittifull to behold, becoming resplendent; and clear, gave a manifest sign 'twas part of a glorified body.

He died in the Year of our Lord, 1231. on the 13th. of *June*, and 36. Year of his age, being happy, that in so short a time he wrought so great works. At the time of his death, he appeared on the suddain in the Chamber of the *Abbot* of *Vercelli* his Master, and told him he had quitted his lodgings, and was going into his Countrey. And saying so, and touching his throat, he cur'd a disease he had there, and seeming to go out of the door of the chamber, did vanish like lightning.

The *Abbot* going after him, and finding him not, asked his servants where he was, but they answering, that they had not beheld *him*, caused him to send to seek him in the monastery. But not finding him there, he began to understand, that the Countrey he went to, was not *Portugal*, but Paradise, and assured by letters of his death at that instant, was confirmed in his beliefe.

THE

THE SECOND BOOK, Of the Miracles of St. ANTHONY OF PADOUA

The first Chapter

AS soon as St. *Anthony* was dead, his Friars, who by the splendour of his body, were assured of the Heavenly glory, which his soul was possest of, being jealous of his corps, as of a pretious treasure, resolved to hide his death, till they should have so accomodated things, that they might not be subject to rapine, and violence. But no sooner he expir'd, but strangely and miraculously, many children assembling themselves in the

the City, fell a crying through the Streets, our Father *St. Anthony* is dead, our Father St. *Anthony* is dead.

God ſometimes hath honour'd the death of ſome others, with the unexpected ringing of the bells, but here inſtead of them, with a more ſublime priviledge, he was pleas'd humane tongues ſhould be employed, and the mouths of innocent boyes be the trumpets, to ſound forth the death of his ſervant.

Many Citizens being therefore awakened with the cries of the Children aforeſaid, repaired to the Monaſtery of *Arcela*, whither they knew the Saint was brought, and finding him extended on a beer, which like a ſtarry night, was reſplendent with as many blazing lights, as were the rayes reflecting on their eyes, they amazed and devout, quickly plac't there a guard of armed Men, to hinder his body from being removed. But the Friars of the convent of *Padova*, comming thither with others of the City, began to demand the holy body, alledging ſince he had, while he lived, ſhewed a willingneſs to be buried in their Monaſtery, he belonged in all reaſon to them, and not to any others; ſo they raiſing a tumult here and there, encreaſed much the rumour,

mour by the coming of ſome other pretenders, who living on the bridge near the Oratory of *Arcela*, and perceiving the place not ſecure, and the others pretences of moment, endeavoured with a band of armed Men to take away the body from the Oratory, and carry it to a Monaſtery of Nuns near that place. The contention being therefore between three ſeverall parties, and each growing warm with their different pretences, they came to that decree of conteſt, that they would have faln out, if ſome of authority had not put themſelves between them, and appeaſed the tumult in this manner, that all ſhould be referred to the ſentence of the Father Miniſter, who would ſoon be there.

But the people, who extreamly deſired, to remove the holy body into the City, impatient of the *Miniſters* ſtay, about midnight thrice aſſaulted the Monaſtery, which occaſioned a miracle, for all the ſaid times, when they came to the gates to get in, they remained like blind Men, impotent and lame, and unable to effect their deſires.

What meanſt thou, O P*adoua*? Shall the Saint, the Protector of thy peace, be the cauſe of thy warr? And ſhall he, who, while

while he lived, reconciled ſtill thy differences, raiſe up tumults amongſt thee, at his death? Who is't, that foments theſe hoſtilities, which under the pretence of devotion, do aim at nothing elſe but the conqueſt of each other? Shall it ever be ſaid, that the ſtrife about the place, where the body ſhall be buried, ſhould grow to that height, as to cauſe thee to endanger thy inhabitants? O illuſions of the Devil, which deſign as much miſchief, as the reliques will do good to thy Countrey.

Now the Friars of *Arcela* amazed at the aſſault, they received that night, had thoughts of preventing the danger, their treaſure was in, by encloſing it in a cheſt, and concealing it under ground. Whereupon when they had done ſo, the Souldiers next morning came thither, and unable to find it, ran about through the Cells with drawn ſwords, refuſing to be gone, unleſs they would diſcover it to them.

While they were in this manner diſtracted, and irreſolute, the Miniſter they expected arrived, who conſulting the Biſhop, gave this ſentence with him, that the glorious body ſhould be buried in the Monaſtery of the City where he had an intention to dye. A ſollemn proceſſion be-

being therefore ordained, the Governour cauſed a bridge to be made over the river, which conſiſted of boats chained together, and defending it with a choice band of Souldiers, had every thing in order to tranſlate that glorious body. But that part of the Citizens, whom the ſentence was given againſt, ſtirred up at the ſight of thoſe great preparations, which were aſſured teſtimonies of a religious obſequiouſneſſe, reſolved by all means, not to ſuffer it to paſſe, and began to ſpoile the bridge, and ſcuffle with the Souldiers. Whereupon a generall cry being raiſed, the tumult was ſoon ſpread through the City, inſomuch that many fearing the worſt, did ſadly beat their breaſts, aſcribing that diſorder to their ſins, which made them unworthy of ſo eminent a favour. But the Governour not diſmaid at the greatneſſe of the danger, did ſend for the chief of the ſeditious, and baniſhing them out of the Territory, freed every one from fear, and from harm. The diſſentions being quietted in this manner they began the ſollemn pomp. All the religious went two and two together, as likewiſe the Nuns, who had their feet bare, with devotion in their looks, and torches in their hands. The hot drops, which

which fell to the ground, repreſented the force of the prayſes, they utter'd with their mouths, ſo as being follow'd by the Clergy, which came next in white, they lookt like an Army, where the drums were the bells, and the croſſes the banners. The Biſhop follow'd after, together with the Governour, next whom the holy body was carri'd by four religious Men, on a bear cover'd o're with white damask, which traild the ground. Then two and two together, with torches in their hands, came the Gentlemen of the City, and the reſt of the people. As they paſt through the Streets, the windowes and doors, abounded with Women and Children, who bleſt the ſacred bones, and heartily commended themſelves to the Saint. Arriving in this manner at the deſtined Church, 'Tis probable that they placed the bear on an eminent ſcaffold, and the *Biſhop* in that great Congregation, extolling St. *Anthonies* merits, reduced to the memory of the *Padouans*, the benefits they had had by his charity, the affection he had borne to their Countrey, and the diligence he had uſed in ſerving them.

Then telling them what a favour he had done them, in leaving his body to the City, he put them in mind of the firme and

and lively hopes, which all there ſhould have, that thoſe holy Reliques would alwayes prove a fountain of graces, which ſtill would be flowing at their need. And recalling to their memory, the great obligations they had to thank him, he exhorted them in the end, to receive him for their particular advocate, as likewiſe to rejoyce for the glory, which God out of his mercy, was pleas'd to reward his labours with.

His ſermon being ended in this manner, the Friars, who, as they would not have his body buried with other Corps in the ordinary Sepulcher, ſo likewiſe being preſt to interr it, had not time to erect a particular tombe for the ſame, which made them very melancholy and ſad. But God, who knew their deſire, diſcover'd to them (not without a great miracle) a new Sepulcher in the Church. 'Twas juſt, O holy Father, that thy fleſh, which while thou liv'dſt, by a candid virginity, was alwayes kept remote from the touch of any one, ſhould after thy death, be preſerved unhurt from the common corruption of the body of others, and the Lilly of purity (the badge thou did'ſt deſervedly bear) ſhould no wayes be ſubject to any other injury, but that of thy mortality.

All

All therefore being glad of the wonder, with which God was pleaſed to honour the funeralls of his Servant, when they had with many tears, both ki'st him, and reverenc't him, they laid him in that *Se*pulcher, where in imitation of that of our *S*aviour, none ever had been buried. In the mean time many perſons that were lame, thruſting through the thick crowds to arrive at the *S*epulcher, no ſooner were permitted to touch him, but by a ſecret vertue transfuſed from the ſtones, were by reaſon of their faith, immediately reſtored to their healths.

'Twas both handſome and devout to behold, that he, who deprived of his limbs, ſupplyed the defect of his motion by the benefit of crutches, no ſooner toucht the Sepulcher, but throwing them away, returned ſound and vigorous to his home. 'Twas prodigious to ſee, that the blind man, who, by looſing his eyes, ſate perpetually in darkneſs, aſſiſted by our Saint, had his ſight renewed again, and weeping out of gladneſs and devotion, ſhewed that the firſt office of the eyes is to weep. And the dumbe man, who unable to ſpeak, ſeems onely in his ſhape to be diſtinguiſht from a beaſt, obtaining the uſe of his tongue, moſt affectionately

nately thanked our Saint for his recovery.

But the confines of the infinite graces conferr'd by our *Saint* on the devoted to him, were not bounded and limitted here, for out of his abundance of charity, he not only cur'd the persons, which touched his *Sepulcher*, but those too, who by reasons of the throngs, could not get into the Church, and stood without invoking his name. Hence miracles being heaped on miracles, and gladness on gladness, who is able to relate the devotion, the jubily, thankes, and tears, which resounding every where, astonisht and transported the people? Whereupon to vow perpetual fidelity, and observance to our Saint, and resolve to acknowledg him for their patron and advocate, were the least demonstrations of duty they could show. From hence it came to passe, that the neighbouring prople running after the fame of his miracles, and the Bishop unable to hinder them from worshiping him publickly, assembled the principal Citizens, and by common consent, sent Ambassadours, to the Pope, beseeching him to Canonize that *Saint*, whom God out of his mercy had bestow'd upon Christendom.

The Ambassadours being courteously received, and heard by the Pope, and the pro-

Proceſſe, in order to his life, his behaviour and miracles, compleated by a Biſhop, an Abbot, and a Dominican Prior, by his Holineſſes command, he approved of all things with devotion and joy, and propos'd in the Conſiſtory in the City of *Spoleto* his Canonization. It was not yet a year, ſince the ſaid requeſt was made, nor had many moneths been expir'd, ſince our Saint had been dead, whereupon a certain Cardinal oppoſing it vigorouſly, occaſion'd the decree to be ſuſpended till the following Day. But as he was aſleep, he had the ſame night a revelation from God, and thought he ſaw a Pope about conſecrating an Altar, and demanding of him for that purpoſe ſome reliques of Saints, but he having none to give him, heard a voice which ſaid to him, give him of the new ones of St. *Anthony*. He therefore awakeing at the noiſe of that ſound, by which he was fully aſſur'd of *St. Anthonies* moſt eminent merits, chang'd ſuddainly his opinion, and was the next day more earneſt then the reſt for his canonization. So God was aſſiſtent to the glory of his ſervant in the year 1232. The miracles here mention'd being authenticated after his death, beſides thoſe he did while he lived, to wit, nineteen lame perſons reſtored to their

limbs, five paralatique Souldiers recover'd, five crook-backt made ſtreight, ſix blind men made to ſee, three deaf men, and three mutes reſtored to their hearing, and ſpeech, two freed from the gout, two rais'd from the dead, and many cur'd of ſeveral infirmities: ſo as in *Spoleto* with very great ſolemnity, he was canonized on *Whitſunday* by the Pope, who compoſed and ſung that Anthem, *O excellent Doctour, &c.* he ordering that afterwards the Church every year ſhould ſing it on the day of his feaſt aſſigned to the thirteenth of *June*.

Now with what rejoycings may we fancy that feaſt was celebrated in Heaven, while on Earth it was honoured with ſo ſolemn a pompe? What manner of ineffable joy may we piouſly ſuppoſe, flowed out of the treaſury of God, to felicitate with the merits of his ſervant all the orders of the bleſſed.

The torrent of the happy conſolations was ſo great, that it reaching to the Earth, and diffuſing there it ſelf, all the bells of themſelves fell a ringing in *Lisbone* that day. Whereupon all the Citizens feeling inwardly an unſpeakable joy, were extreamly aſtoniſht at the thing, till by Letters they knew, that day the Saint was

was Canonized, the Ceremony being ended, the Pope gave the usuall Bull for the same, the true coppy of which is here faithfully registred.

The BULL

GRegory the Bishop and Servant of the Servants of God, to our venerable Brethren the Archbishops, Bishops, &c. Greeting and Apostolical benediction. As God sayes by his Prophet, I will cause you to be honoured and praised by all the People, and promises by the wiseman, that the just shall be resplendent like the Sun in the presence of God, so he thinks it likewise meet, we should both praise and glorifie those Saints upon earth, which are crown'd by him in Heaven, since in them God himself is principally acknowledged, and ador'd, who is laudable and glorious in his Saints, and shewing his miraculous power, and desire of our salvation, makes the servants be rewards with beatitude, renowned upon earth for their miracles, to confound in this manner the obstinacy and perverseness of Hereticks, and confirm his holy Church in the Romane Catholick Faith, chasing out of luke-warm hearts all negligence and sloth, and awakeing men to goodness by these holy examples, that Heretiques may be humbled, and

beleeve in effect, what in the holy Scriptures they seem not to understand. And lastly that all, as well the Jewes, as Pagans (the vail of blindness removed from their hearts) may see this shining Light of the power of Jesus Christ our Redeemer, and so have no excuse to convert themselves to him, and acknowledge him for true God, and true Man.

We therefore O Beloved, albeit not so farr as we are bound, yet as farr as we are able, give thanks unto God for confirming our faith, to the confusion of Heretiques, by holy Men famous in our dayes who with evident signes and miracles have shewed the Truth and firmness of the holy Roman Church, since those that dye in it, so dye in the favour of the Lord, that they shine to the World as Suns in the Firmament. From whence it comes to passe since there is but one Faith, as appears by Divine approbation, that the falseness of all others is notorious to all. Of the number of the blessed, is St. Anthony of happy memory, of the Order of the Friars Minors, who renowned in the World for his eminent merits, and resident now in Heaven, is resplendent for many miracles (say) seen at his Sepulcher, and of which we are certified by Authentique writings,

and

and persons of credit. And these two things, his merits and miracles, may gain ample testimony of his holyness and sanctity, and induce us to invoke him for our Intercessor, as appears by the words of the Gospel, and they departing shall go preach in all parts, the Lord working with them, and signes and miracles succeeding. We therefore commanded the said Bishop, Brother Giordan, *Prior of St.* Bennet, *and Brother* John, Prior *of St.* Augustine, *a Monastery of the* Dominicans *in* Padoua, *to make diligent inquisition of the thing, and an Authentique note of the foresaid Saints Miracles, which note seen by us, with what we know our selves of his life, and most holy conversation, of which we had experience, that it may not appear, we (so much requested thereto by the Bishop of* Padoua *aforesaid) would take away the praise and veneration from the servants of God, who so clearly do merit it, we by the advise of our Brethren, together with all the Prelats with us, have inrolled him in the number of the Saints. Whereupon since the candle is not set in the candlestick, but onely to give light to the People, we entreat and command all, to the knowledg of whom these presents shall come, and you in particular-*

ticular, that by vertue of this Apoſtolicall brief, you ſtir up your ſubjects, and cauſe them every Year on the thirteenth of June, *to honour very ſolemnly his feaſt, that God appeaſed and calmed by his prayers may give us his grace in this life, and his glory in the other. And we likewiſe deſiring, that the Sepulcher of this Saint, who with his many miracles, makes our holy Church renown'd, may be with due honour frequented, all, who truly penitent and confeſt, ſhall viſit it every Year, on the day of his feaſt, and the Octave thereof, truſting in God, and the authority of the Apoſtles St.* Peter *and St.* Paul, *abſolve of one Years Pennance. Given at* Spoleto *on the 12th. of* July *in the ſixth Year of our Papacy.*

Such being the glorious Characters, by which our Saints holineſs was legally made authentick to the World, 'tis not eaſie to relate the great concourſe and devotion, for which his name and ſepulcher were famous. Hence miracles encreaſing proportionably to their prayers, the infinite pictures and lamps hanging there, ſeem'd not ſufficient teſtimonies to heighten their wonders. Whereupon fame unſatisfied with adding dayly number to the number, we amazed at the quantity, will contract all

all our forces, and relate some that are most conspicuous, committing the narration of the rest, to the eloquence of a more refined wit.

Some strangers resided in *Padoua*, who because they were students and Heretiques supposed they might live with the greatest disorder and looseness in the World. But deprived by the quality of their natural climate, of the fervour of *Spirit*, the *Italians* abound with, and modester by their own constitution, then the dictates of reason, they used not swords instead of their books, nor handled guns for arguments, but as grave & compos'd in their manners, as indulged with favours and priviledges, they seemed not of the number of scholars. Yet their turbulent minds supplying the defects of their bodies, and unable being cold, to digest the solid matters of the Catholique faith, they had many crudities of sense, which turned into rudeness, and cherisht thoughts repugnant to pious believers. From hence it came to pass, that they seeing how the sepulcher of *Saint Anthony* was honoured, and hearing every day of the wonders done their, supposed the *Padouans* mad, and derid ng their devotion, did not cease to mock and flout them. Souling themselves to jeer-

ing, they arrived in that manner to the height and pitch of insolence, they resolved to mock publiquely the Saint, and cause all to see in effect, that the substance of the graces, which every one pretended to receive, consisted in nothing but a simple opinion.

'Tis a great shame (they said to themselves) that Christians both learned and discreet in other things, should loose themselves by crediting trifles, which the most severe *Stoicks* would laugh at, and not see, that what is spoken of Miracles, is an artifice and trick of leud men, who maintain themselves by cozening of others. Their vanity well deserves, that they should still continue in this their blind simplicity, and never meet with any, that would tell them of their errours, and that we, who for their froward belief, are naturally their enemies, should leave them very justly in the darkness they so brag of.

But as to undeceive them will be for our glory, so 'twill be their confusion to remain undeceived, whereupon our honour coming from their shame the victory will be nobler, in that we shall acquire it by their weapons.

Having said so, and agreed what to do, they feigned that in a scufle one of them had

had loſt his eyes, wherefore binding a bloody clout on his Temples (for they were not yet known to be *Hereticks*)they carried him with a feigned devotion to the ſepulcher of the Saint. And affecting(as they paſt through the ſtreets)a ſorrow and affliction in their countenances, they lamented the wretch, whereupon throngs of People following after to the Church, who believed he went for help to the ſepulcher of the *Saint*, invok't his aſſiſtance, while the others his companions, could ſcarce forbear laughing. Being come in this manner to the *Sanctuary*, the people taking notice of the motion of their lips, who kneeling ſeem'd to pray moſt devoutly, expected the iſſue of their prayers, when after awhile, the blindman crying out, that he had obtained mercy, his companions ran to him, to take away the cloath.

They thought with that act, to have clearly repreſented the credulity of the Catholiques, for 'twas their deſign, when they had laught their fill, to recount the whole ſtory, and cauſe all to ſee, the miracles done there were illuſions and deceits. But God, who in the glory of his *Saint*, had his honour concern'd, being willing the deriſion, which the *Heretieks*

had prepared for the Catholicks, ſhould redound to their own puniſhment and ſhame, caus'd the eyes of the feigned blind man, as they untyed the cloath, to remain faſtned to it. His ſuddain cryes and clamours, together with the blood, which flow'd in that abundance, and the ſight of thoſe little globes of fleſh, which mov'd ſtill and ſtir'd on the cloth, ſo aſtoniſht the Heretiques, that they lookt on the puniſhment as a judgment from God, who made the ſoft linnen do the office of iron hooks, to pluck out his eyes, that had jeſted with the Saint. Now who can tell the terrour, the wonder and commotion, that unexpected accident cauſed in the ſtanders by? The cries of the Church, together with the blind mans ſad and dolefull expreſſions, were as ſo many trumpets, which aſſembled the People, and encreaſt the ſpectators, to make his ſhame the greater, who called them to the ſpectacle.

Then the wretch in a full Congregation, ſaid thus with a ſorowfull and penitent voice, Let all the world come to ſee my chaſtiſement, and the juſtice of the Saint. Who was ever more deſervedly puniſht for ſo ſhameleſs a fault? I thought to mock the Saint, and am mockt my ſelf.

Hear

Hear me ſtanders by, and here publickly recounting the wickedneſs intended, he ſpake not a word, which accompanied with ſobs, expreſt not what a penitent ſinner could relate. Then falling to prayer he ſaid. Since I with the loſſe of my eyes, am puniſht for ſo hanous a crime, I rather ſhould admire then grieve at Gods juſt judgment. But ſince he is as mercifull, as juſt, and deſires not the death, but converſion of a ſinner, I would perſwade my ſelf, he, appeaſed with my repentance, will reſtore me to my former condition. Pray for me ye that hear me, and are witneſſes of my miſeries, and learn by my example to be faithful and credulous.

And O thou glorious coſeſſor St. *Anthony*, who by thy noble nature, continu'ſt thy cuſtom in Heaven of doing good unto thoſe the offend thee, with a miracle above a miracle, cauſe me to be reſtored to my ſight, and grant the new light I ſhall have, may ſerve for a lantern to the darkneſs of all unbelievers, and witneſs thy greatneſs, and my Obligations.

In this manner he ſpake ſighing, and mingling with his words a deluge of tears and blood, which flow'd out of the hallow

of

of his eyes, he mov'd all that heard him to pitty. From hence it came to paſs that all interceeding for him, as if his offence had been common to them all, their prayers were ſo forcible, the *Saint* could not chooſe but be moved. And behold with a wonder unheard of, his eyes looſing from the cloath, returned inviſibly to their places, and growing ſo again to the fleſh, that it could not be perceived, they had been ever ſtirred, made him joyfull and ſound.

To tell now the cries which reacht to the Heavens, their aſtoniſhment, and grateſull devotion, would be an undertaking, no leſs difficult then ſuperfluous; for theſe things being better contemplated then expreſt, enough is related of the miracle, and 'tis likewiſe true, that the *Hereticks* his companions quickly converted, and with open mouth divulging the glories of St. *Anthony*, were to others for the future a pattern of religion.

The Second Chapter.

THat life is a period of miſeries, which terminates with death, and the years like

like times Rams, which butt ſtill againſt it' deſign there a miſerable breach, and that all living creatures, the ſtars, and the elements conſpire to de deſtroy it, is a ſad, and deplorable condition. But that beſides all this, it ſhould be expos'd to the coſenage of *Satan*, and infernal illuſions, we cannot conſider but with tears, nor expreſs without ſorrow. A Conjurer is ſo dreadfull a man, that his very name is terrible, he commonly is black of complection, hairy, ill-lookt, and ill-ſpoken, not walking but in darkneſs, and Churchyards, only handling dead mens bones, ſeeking hurtful herbs, and converſing with venemous creatures, whereupon no leſſe abominable for his art, then aſpect, he may truly be call'd the epitome of horrour. And yet ſimple people ſuppoſing him the Tyrant of nature, a ſubverter of the elements, and one that can preſage and foretell future things, do reverence and fear him like an Oracle.

Such a one reſided in *Padoua*, and for ſuch was fear'd by all. Now a ſimple, and innocent fellow, but devoted to the Saint, deſirous to diſcover ſome ſecret, was ſeduc't by curioſity, and fell into the hands of this doctour of *Lucifer*. Being therefore conducted by him into a deſart, whoſe ſoli-

ſolitude and horridneſs ſeem'd a ſutable ſcene to his ſacrelegious acts, he was fortifyed, and incouraged againſt fear, by the compaſs of a circle drawn out on the Earth, as if the ſaid figure, which had nothing of perfection, but as it was ſpherical, would prove a wall of Diamond, or Steel, to defend him from hell. Then the Conjurer with terrour and dreadfulneſs in his face, in his eyes, and in his words, began to make Characters on the ground, and brandiſh his rod in the air, while the poor man affrighted athis murmurs, and looks, eſpecially when the light began to grow dimn, and he ſaw the neighbouring Spirits approach, became ſo cold, and fearful, that unable to ſtand ſtill, he went out of the circle aſſign'd him. Whereupon the Devils ſeizing upon him, incontinently deprived him of his eyes, and his tongue, and leaving him in that manner in the deſart, did vaniſh away with the Conjurer.

He remaining in that ſtate, who is able to relate the confuſion, the ſorrow, and terrour, with which he was oppreſt in an inſtant? To want in that deſart, not onely the power to weep, but to be unable likewiſe, to expreſs his lamentations, he thought the greateſt miſery in the World.

Whereupon

Whereupon he retyring with his ſoul, into the fortreſs of his heart, began to turn himſelf to St. *Anthony*, and implore with all earneſtneſs his aid and aſſiſtance.

That I am without eyes, that I may not ſee my miſeries, and want a tongue to tell them, does not hinder me from raiſing my mind from the bottom of my breaſt, and preſenting my ſelf at thy feet, O my Saint.

Behold me the moſt ſad, and moſt miſerable Creature on the Earth, for ſince from the darkneſs of hell, I preſum'd to draw light, to arrive at future things, and from a Conjurers circle, hoped for Characters of truth, neither a juſter, nor yet ſeverer puniſhment could befall me. 'Twas meet I ſhould forfeit my eyes, who was ſo temerarious, to deſire to behold what God would conceal, and looſe too my tongue, which invoked the Divel. But ſince the offence is committed, and the puniſhment inflicted, ſhall I dye of deſpair, and give a greater victory to my Enemy? Ah, O glorious Saint, if the conſtant devotion, with which I ſtill have reverenc't thy name, and thy merits, if the moſt unhappy State I am in, and the great and ardent charity thou haſt, can move thee at all to compaſſion, behold, Ah be-

hold my diſaſters; and make me feel thy powerful aſſiſtance.

So he ſaid in his heart, and unable to vent otherwiſe his ſighs, then by a confus'd, and indiſtinct ſound in his throat, he was like to dye of ſorrow. What courſe wilt thou take, O unfortunate man, without light to direct thee, aud a tongue to inform thee, in this craggy and pathleſs deſart, where a ſolitude accompanied with fear, is the beſt thing thou cans't hope for. To advance is impoſſible, for beſides all the ſtumblings in the way, thou art ignorant of the path, which leads to the City, and to cry out for help is in vain, for ſince thou want'ſt a tongue, how cans't thou be heard.

We may therefore believe, the Angel *Guardian*, our inſeparable companion, (though our ſins much afflict him) leading him inſenſibly by the hand, conducted him to ſome place of habitation, and then ſome pious man carryed him to the Church of our Saint. As he paſſed along the Streets, he was a bloody ſpectacle to the people, and though many knew him, yet becauſe he was unable to relate his own misfortunes, the wonder and compaſſion was the greater in all. Being come at the laſt to the Sepulcher, where

graces

graces every day are obtained, he renewed his prayers with ſo lively a faith, that the marbles themſelves could not chooſe but be mollified. But though the conceptions of his heart, were incapable of expreſſion, not ſo much for the want of his tongue, as his abundance of devotion, yet heard by thoſe ears, which underſtand without hearing, while at the holy Altar, high Maſs, where many People aſſiſted, was advanc't to *Hoſanna in Excelſis*, he recovered his eyes.

Whither they were the very ſame he had loſt, or whither others grew in their places, we cannot conceive. 'Tis enough, that at the gaining of his eyes, which many eyes were witneſſes of, the People raiſed devout, and moſt joyfull acclamations to Heaven, perſevering in their prayers to God, that ſince by the means of his *Saint*, he had begun the miracle, he would be pleaſed to perfect it by his interceſſion, and behold e're Maſs was done, he received again his ſpeech. Fame therefore cauſed wonders in all, and from all parts the people flockt together, to ſee the man reſtored to his ſight, and reverence the *Saint*. But though *Padoua* had not a ſtone, on which with the Characters of wonder our Saints glorious acts were not

read

read, yet ſome hereticks more hard of believe, then the very ſtones themſelves, made ſport of thoſe things, which were motives to piety, and laughing at the faith of the Catholicks derided their devotion to *St. Anthony*. Among the chief of theſe was a very old Man, who equally advanced in age, and in *Hereſie*, ſo abounded with errours, that the light of all the miracles, which had been done in *Padoua*, diminiſht not the darkneſs he was in. *He* was given in that manner to the idolatry of the belly, that the onely way to life, as he thought ended in a full table; for the choiceſt, and moſt delicate meat, he ſuppos'd the beſt, and powerfulleſt means for the gaining of *Heaven*. Being therefore as fat in his body, as brain, he eſteemed himſelf the happier, and more holy, by how much the more corpulent, and unctuous. Now as he was rejoycing with his friends at a feaſt (the heat of wine and meat adminiſtring diſcourſe) they talkt of various things, according to the *Genius* and humour of the company. But as in the moſt diſſolute ſociety, there is ſometimes a civil, and intelligent perſon, ſo there was ſuch a one amongſt them, who ſpake very ſeaſonably in praiſe of St. *Anthony*. But the heretick, to whom that diſ-

diſcourſe was unpleaſant and unwelcome, derided and jeer'd him, ſo as the zealous Catholick rais'd higher his voice, and anſwear'd him roundly.

Whereupon all the reſt being ſilent, the glutton ſaid thus, 'tis as credible this thy Saint hath done miracles, as 'tis poſſible, that this glaſs ſhould be thrown out of the window into the *Street*, and not break. And in ſaying ſo he took up a glaſs, and throwing it out of the window, ſaid, ſave it O *Anthony*, if thou canſt, all there looking after it, to ſee the ſucceſs.

And behold (O ſtrange relation) the glaſs falling on the ſtones, not onely was not broken at all, but that the brittle matter might prove a laſting teſtimony to the glory of our *Saint*, it broke the ſtone it fell on, as if it had been an iron ſledge. The Heretick beholding the ſtrangeneſs of the thing, and conſidering, that it could not be naturall, was pierc't to the heart with compunction, ſo as he depoſing his vain oſtentation, and cordially converting himſelf to the Catholique faith, had the Citizens his companions in the wonder, who carying it to the Temple, kept it there as a proof, that was clear and tranſparent of *St. Anthonies* miracles.

So the glaſs, which for the height of the

the fall was highly esteem'd, of a vessell of profaneness was religiously employed, and served to show the truth of the Roman Religion.

But though like a heavenly bell, our *Saint* was very clearly understood by the force of his sound, yet still some deaf Heretiques persisted in their naughty opinions, and would not abandon their bestial positions. O lamentable wonder! Of what use was their reason, their discourse, and understanding, if even the demonstrations of sense were refuted as illusions? And the miracles, which had even splitted stones, were held by them for fallacies?

Two heretiques resided in *Padoua*, who resembling two parrallel lines, were alike in religion and behaviour, and took up their lodging in an Inn, where professing to live well they assur'd the *Host* often, that none surpast them in the account of their lives. As they therefore one day in the winter, were sitting at table by the fire, and heard certain strangers dining there, discourse of *St. Anthonies* miracles, they according to their custome, fell a laughing at those fooleries, as they call'd them. The Catholiques thereupon making good what they had said, one more devout, and more eloquent then the rest, and,

and incenſed moſt of all, re-inforc't his diſcourſe, and full of zeal and courage, ſaid thus. Hath then the Sea of *Rimini* which like a large ſchool, even taught the mute inhabitants, the doctrine of *St. Anthony*, not water enough to waſh from your hearts the ſtains of incredulity? Hath the tongue of that child which beyond the courſe of nature, ſo clearly expreſſed his father, not influence enough to perſwade you, that you live in an errour? Shall the foot, which was reſtored to the *Padouan*, and the eyes to the blinde have no power to reduce you into the right path? But why do I repeat things remote? Is not the late action of the glaſs, which gave a Spiritual draught of true knowledg to the obſtinate man, who denyed as you do the miracles of the *Saint*, ſo palpable and evident, as it muſt needs ſhame your impudence it ſelf? And what are we the better, for his wearying every minute the ears of the Almighty, by begging his graces for us, according to our need, if theſe blind and ignorant men, who only have the ſhew of humanity, deriding thy miracles, do not ceaſe to have ſacrilegious thoughts. Are the thunderbolts idle, and the hands of the thunderer tyed to his girdle? O divine

pati-

Patience, and mercy, abuſed and contemned!

In this manner ſpake the Catholick, when one of the Hereticks, when he had laught his fill, to ſee him ſo earneſt, takeing up by chance ſome dryed ſtalks of Vines, to make the fire burne, ſaid, if *Anthony* be a Saint, and lately kept the glaſs from being broken, let him cauſe too theſe dryed branches of a whithered Vine, to bring forth immediately leaves, and as many ripe Grapes, as will fill this cup with wine, and then we will likewiſe believe him, which when he had ſpoken, they renewed their laughter.

We cannot deny, but that this was a tempting of God, and the way to make him puniſh them ſeverely, yet becauſe he is goodneſs it ſelf, he permitted thoſe dead trunks to become in a moment, what the Heretick had defired.

To ſee bloſſome on the ſuddain in *January*, the early pride of *April*, and ſee the leaves increaſe, and dilate themſelves ſenſibly, and in a few minutes, produce and ripen grapes, was to entertain their eyes with varietyof miracles, inſomuch as the ſpectators were confounded with wonder, and looſing themſelves in the wood of the Vineyard, which grew up, and multiplyed with-

without roots and Earth, they could not be satisfied with contemplating, in the veins, and the streaks of the leaves, on the Characters of divinity, with which God instructed their ignorance. And they looking on those clusters, as so many arguments, which Heaven had made use of, to perswade them to belief, at the same time were distracted between wonder and joy.

What will you now say, said the Catholicks with tears in their eyes, what will you say, O obstinate Men, since a dry and wither'd branch instructs and confounds you? Is there any doubt left of St. *Anthonies* sanctity, since a vine cut down and dead, grows again, to confirm it to you? what say ye, O miscreants? At these words, these wonders and internall compunctions, how may the Reader think they behaved themselves? Hear, and write this miracle in the sensiblest part of thy memory. They yet not or'ecome with so many great miracles in one, nor abandoning their obstinacy, would acknowledg their errour till the last. Whereupon they took the grapes between their hands, and pressing them hard, extracted as much juyce, as filled the cup with excellent wine.

Then

Then drowning their unbelief in their tears, and loosing themselves in the *Sea* of their sorrow, they arrived at the Haven of repentance, where confessing themselves undeserving of the favour of God, and worthy of the most severe punishment, they prostrated themselves, beseeching the Saint to interceed for them, and came out of the Inn, proclaiming the miracle in the Streets, *So* the sanctity of St. *Anthony*, confirm'd every day with new wonders, caus'd the faithfull so to credit his merits, that the devotion to him encreased extreamly. The Divel therefore seeing by the fulness of those throngs, that his followers, and esteem began to diminish, did set all his engins on work, to keep up his credit.

Among those of his retinue, was a Souldier, whom to describe abominable enough, 'tis enough to say he thought it an honour, to sell his life for four crowns a month. A Man of the iron age, who thinks him the gallanteſt person, that is the greateſt murtherer, and owes all his fortune and valour to the point of his sword. A monster of Men, and though born of mankind, yet void of all humanity. This Man once walking in the fields, met a cripple on the way, the object

ject of miſery and compaſſion, for ſuſtain'd by two crutches, his hair diſſhevel'd, his countenance horrid, and the ſores of his body accompanied with raggs, he was ſo full of leproſie, that he ſeemed as paſt cure, as loathſome to behold. Stinking therefore and noyſom to himſelf, like a fiſh covered over with thick ſcales, he lookt not like a Man. Whither goeſt thou O wretch, ſaid the Souldier, and how canſt thou carry the weight of ſo great a diſeaſe, without dying often?

I go ſaid the cripple, to the *Sepulcher* of St. *Anthony*, to beſeech that great Servant of God; to pray for my health, which I hope by his means to obtain, ſince daily ſuch effects of the mercies of God, are ſeen in all thoſe, that recurr unto him.

Poor Man replied the *Souldier*, we may eaſily behold, that thy brains are as putrified as thy limbs, and thou as void of health, as of judgment, and therefore as a beaſt, very worthy of the ſtate thou art in. Who made thee believe a dead Friar in a *Sepulcher*, can procure health for any, where he needs it moſt himſelf? And who made thee imagine, that the dead ſee, and hear, ſpeak, and pray for

the living? Doſt not ſee thou art mad, and that if thy diſeaſe did not move me to pitty, I would ſend thee to thy grave? Go to the hoſpital, and ſeek rather help from the Phyſitian, then St. *Anthony*, for when he cures thee, I will be content to have thy diſeaſe.

Having ſaid ſo, he went from the *Leper*, and left him confounded and ſcandalized.

But the cripple not diſtruſting his devotion to the Saint, continued his journey to the *Sepulcher*, and after adoration of the moſt holy Sacrament, which was kept in the Church, began ſighing thus.

Behold, O bleſſed Saint, my health is interred in as many pits and graves, as are the gaping ſores of my body, and I am a living Corps in the midſt of corruption and filth. And though for my ſins I deſerve to be as miſerable as *Job* (and with this addition, not to have my ſores pitied) yet I truſting in thy charity, implore thy aſſiſtance and favour. Do but judge of the torments of my life, ſince my fleſh is ſeen daily to conſume, and my pains do not ſuffer me, to have then repoſe, when ſleep appeaſes all other

ther griefs. I was framed by thoſe hands which gave thee thy being, and my ſoul, which for it's priſon, hath ſo ſtinking a dungeon, was purchaſed and redeemed, with the ſame blood as thine. Ah, if there be any thing in me, to endear me to thee, I beſeech thee have compaſſion of my of ſtate, and by your interceſſi on reſtore me to my health, and former condition.

Thou art made great in Heaven, becauſe thou art the Advocate of the humble, and the vertue God hath given thee, beſides what thy merits import, was given thee to this end, to aſſiſt and help thy Servants. *Hear* me, moſt compaſſionate *Saint*, and let the grief I have for offending my Redeemer, and my firm reſolution never more to diſpleaſe him prevail with thee to interceed for me. Thy goodneſs I am ſure, will not ſuffer me alone, of all that have recurred to thee, to depart without comfort, nor ſhall the tears, falling from my eyes, which have melted, and diſſolved my heart, miſs of finding that compaſſion in thy breaſt to diſpoſe thee to aſſiſt me according to my wiſh.

So prayed the poor *Leper*, when behold he ſurprized with ſleep, was ſo ſi-

lent and immoveable, that he ſeemed in a trance, And behold in the midſt of his ſleep, his mind become lucid like a glaſs, receiving the *Species* of the objects preſented before it, he ſaw the Saint before him, who ſaid. Awake, riſe, and take up thy crutches, and carry them to the Souldier, who deriding me told thee, that if thou ſhouldſt be cur'd by my interceſſion, he would be content, thy diſeaſe ſhould leave thee, & ſeize upon him, which accordingly is departed from thee, and faln upon him by the judgment of God.

The poor man awaking at the viſion, was full of admiration and joy, and ſo whole, and ſo ſound, that he had not ſo much as the marks of the Leproſie. Wherefore taking up quickly his crutches, and knowing by the viſion where to find the wicked Souldier, he carri'd them incontinently to him, and finding him Leprous, and changed, was aſtoniſht and trembled. But approaching to him, having like a good Chriſtian, reproved him firſt for deriding the Saint, he bad him take the crutches his wickedneſs had acquir'd. Then he gave him advice to repent of his ſins, and recurr with all humility to him, whom before he derided, aſſuring him this was the only way to recover

cover his health. The Souldier fell a weeping, and his grief was so cordiall, that resolving very stedfastly to go to confession, and wholly change his life, he retarded not to do it. Coming therefore with contrition and humility to the Sepulcher of our Saint, he wept and pray'd so long, that at last he obtain'd his request. And he going through the Streets to shew to the World the marks of his recovery, all the residue of his life proclaimed the miracles of his benefactor.

The Third Chapter.

'Tis a great disadvantage in the World to be a woman, but a greater to be a widow. To loose a Husband, is to loose the substance; for man may be said to be the subject, and woman the accident.

A Widow is attended with sadness, and destin'd to mourning, her very tears refreshing her, and solitude her companion, for she looks not about her, but she sees her self cover'd with darkness, and in her black garment reads her own unhapy state. To have her soul confin'd in a Sepulcher, fix her thoughts on a corps, im-

Priſon her body, not eat in the day, nor ſleep in the night, and delight herſelf in ſighs, and in ſobs, are conditions ſad enough, without the additional unhappineſs, of being betray'd by kinſmen, abandon'd by friends, vext with law-ſuits, tormented with loſſes, and ſcorn'd by her own children.

Yet there was one in *Padoua*, who exempt from ſuch woes (her husband having left her a daughter, and ſlender poſſeſſion) maintained her ſmall family with her little revenue, being void of great cares, becauſe void of great wealth. Being therefore very happy in her daughter ſince with more then one heart, ſhe might weep for the loſs of her Husband, ſhe hugged her every minute in her boſome, and kiſſing her affectionately beheld in her countenance his picture.

But her daughter being come to the uſe of underſtanding and reaſon, ſhe inſtructed her in Piety and diſpoſed her tender ſoul to a particular devotion to St. *Anthony*, endeavouring to make her comprehend, ſince ſhe was depriv'd of a father, ſhe could not rely on a better protector, then a Saint, who had given to the World, ſo many teſtimonies of his charity.

The child therefore taking our Saint for

for her advocate, contended with her mother, in the acts of obsequiousness and reverence to him, still singing his prayses, and extolling his miracles, as she either sowed or spun.

O daughter, the mother said often to her if thou thinkst to war under the banner of St. *Anthonie*, keep thy self pure, and stray not from the whiteness of the Lilly he bears.

The smile of a wanton young man, and a word from an old deceitful woman, are enough to stain thy whiteness, and subvert thy behaviour, guard still thy honour, like the apple of thy eyes, since Virginal candour in a maid, is equall to her life. Prayer, fasting, and employment, are the three best preservatives for the chastity of Women, What greater satisfaction can we possibly receive, then so to lead our lives in the World, that when we come to dye, we may not fear death? Ah, O my daughter, whosoever is capable of *Heaven*, must fight to obtain it, though the sorrowes we should suffer for eternity, and the blood we should spill, while we live, are unworthy of the least of the beatitudes in heaven. *Lets* live without sin O my heart, for if we believe thy father is in heaven, though we had no other

end, then to see him again, we should from all impurity abstain.

So spake the good woman, who hearing daily mass, and frequenting the Sacraments omitted no day (because it was near her) to visit with her child the Sepulcher of St. *Anthony*. Her daughter being therefore brought up in this manner and 13. years old (it being harvest time) went with her mother to a little possession belonging to them, not farr from the river *Brenta*, which contain'd not many acres. As they were employed in getting in the corn, the girl went to wash some handkerchiefs in the river, where arriving to that end, and imitating the water and sope in purity and whiteness, when she had made them clean, and was going away, it hapned one fell into the water, she seeing it carryed away with the stream, and fearing her mother would chide her leapt into the river to catch it. But the force of the water carrying her beyond her depth, she was turned topsy turvy, and drowned in an instant. Some other poor women were washing near the place, who beholding the spectacle, endeavour'd to save her, but in vain. Wherefore seeing she could not probably escape, they knew not what to do in that case, but to run,

run, and informe her mother of it.

We may easily imagine the mother, rather carry'd to that lamentable sight, on the wings of affliction and sorrow, then her feet, who with cryes, & with tears encreased the horrour of the persons their present.

When she had by the means of some Peasants who came to her assistance, recovered soon the corps, who is able to relate the sad state she was in? She began to cry alas, but her soul, which at the sight of the child, issu'd out at her eyes, and distilled in lively drops, could form no other words. In the end as a man, that is shipwrackt, who when he hath been under the water awhile, does rise again, and breath, so she coming to her self, and renewing her lamentations and cryes, entreated those charitable people, to help her to carry her daughter to the City, and lay it before the Sepulcher of the Saint. There like an animated coffin to the corps, which she held in her arms she so powerfully wept, and pray'd, that the heat of her face dissolving deaths ice, she felt the cold flesh, by the Saints intercession, become warme and pliable by little and little. The paleness in her face chang'd to a lively colour, and her lips and her cheeks were restored again to

their coral, and roſes, for her heart began to breath in her boſome, and her eyes receiving luſtre & light, ſhe opened them, and ſigh'd very faintly.

The daughter returning to life in this manner, made the mother ſound for joy. The wonder and piety mixt with prayſes and thanks to the *Saint*, were ſuch as were due for a miracle ſo ſtupendious, whereupon fame recounting the deed, the City of *Padoua* for many dayes together, reſounded and eccho'd the applauſes of the people.

The greatneſs of our *Saint* diſcovering thus it ſelf every day, ſeem'd arriv'd at that height, that it could not be greater.

But God, who when he honours his ſervant, preſcribes not any limits to his graces, permitted awhile after, that with a greater miracle his merits were extoll'd.

A rich, and young Gentleman of *Vicenza* being married to a Gentlewoman, that equall'd him in all things, her wonderful beauty excepted, in which ſhe ſurpaſs'd him extreamly, led a very happy life for three years together, till he ſaw he wanted iſſue. From hence their grief beginning afflicted them much, when they ſaw the third year was expired, and the barrenneſs continued. They conſulted the Phy-

Phyſitians, uſed receipts, and changed the air, but in vain. Wherefore knowing their felicity would have been compleat and perfect, if with this exception, Fortune had not been willing to make it defective, they conceiv'd, that in order to this rule, they were to continue awhile in that ſtate. The Husband therefore ſadder then his wife, took no pleaſure at all, either in the revolution of the ſeaſons in paſs-times, his ſtudies, or mutation of places, ſo as grown pale and lean, and wanting ſleep, and meat, he lookt like the picture of grief, and diſcontent.

In the pride of *May* often, when Heaven and Earth are diſpos'd, to make all Creatures fruitfull, and nothing but fertility is ſeen in every place he ſaid ſighing thus, what avails it me to ſee, that the ground brings forth flowers, and the boughs of the trees, and grots of the Earth, ſerve for neſts to the birds, and dens for the beaſts, and the mute fiſh themſelves, near the ſhore of barren ſands breed, and multiply abundantly, ſince I, who ſtill water a plant, and cultivate, and manure it with all induſtry and care, can have no fruit of it? Shall therefore mankind, becauſe I am not able to preſerve it, be wholly loſt to me? And the

privi-

Priviledges of ſucceſſion, which the beaſts themſelves enjoy, be deni'd to me alone? Where are thoſe happy *Men*, who leaving lively memories of themſelves, may boaſt they have as often obliged poſterity, as are the individualls they have added to the World. Shall thoſe that are poor, neceſſitous, and miſerable abound with fair iſſue, and others that have wealth, content, and eaſe at will, have none to inherit them? O *Stars*, which croſs my wiſh. O ſtrange diſpoſition of things.

So the Gentleman bewailed himſelf, who praying and frequenting the Churches (as one that was devoted to our Saint) by chance read one day in the *Scripture*, how *Anne* the wife of *Elkanah* making a vow (being barren) to conſecrate her firſt born to God, was delivered of *Samuel*.

Wherefore deeply imprinting this example in his minde (having vow'd to St. *Anthony* to viſit his ſepulcher yearly, if by his interceſſion and merits, God would grant him a *Son*) nine moneths ſcarce expired, but his wife with unſpeakable joy was delivered of a boy.

To relate the care they had of his education, and the love, and affection they bare him, together with the hopes, which they

they had of his encreaſe in vertue, is a thing altogether ſuperfluous and needleſs.

The Child being therefore acknowledged, as the meer effect of our *Saints* interceſſion, his parents very thankfully continu'd their devotion to him, and particularly the father gng yearly to ſatisfy his vow, never thought he could be grateful enough. Whereupon making happy with ſuch acts of Religion the childes tender yeares, and beholding with aſtoniſhment, that he grew daily handſomer, and excellently faſhion'd for his age, the time was juſt come, to pay the annual tribute of his vow at the ſepulcher of St. *Anthony*.

His *Son* was now ſix years old and ſhewing by the ſtructure of his beautiful body, he was like to live long, he was the more dear to his Parents.

Now the father being gone to perform his pious journey, who before he departed imprinted on his face, with the characters of kiſſes, the markes of a paſſionate affection, I know not by what means, the mother, who guarded him as the apple of her eye, let him go two dayes after, to play with other boyes in the Village, where they were at that time in the ſummer.

The boyes therefore playing together

in

in a ditch, that was dry, and ſerved to water the field, by the unexpected coming of the ſtream, were ſo ſuddainly ſurpriz'd that unable to help themſelves, they were quickly all drown'd.

Behold how we looſe in this World, in an inſtant, what in many years we hardly acquire. The ſervants who miſſed the Child ſought him in every place with much anxiety and trouble, and at laſt found him drown'd with the reſt of the boyes, ſo as their lamentations and tears were ſuch as we may eaſily imagine. Conceal, O my pen, the afflictions of the mother for 'twould be a cruelty, but to call them to remembrance. But that which moſt infinitely encreaſed the circumſtances of ſorrow, was the returne of the father at that time: to be forc't and obliged in the very height of ſadneſs, to repreſs and keep back tears on the ſuddain, and cloath with the appearance of joy (to hide the diſaſter from him) the anguiſh and pain of a languiſhing countenance, was to all the greateſt torment, which humanity could ſuffer. But the father ſoon enquiring for his dearly beloved *Anthony* (for ſo he had named him, in acknowledgment of the favour received by our *Saint*) was neceſſarily acquainted at laſt with the accident.

He

He ſurvived the newes, for God by his particular aſſiſtance preſerved his life, elſe he would have faln dead without doubt.

However his ſoul retiring from his eyes, and his lips, he could neither weep, nor ſpeak but congeal'd, was inſenſible, and mute, differing little from a ſtatue. Then crying out aloud he grew cold, and then ſweat, he ran, then ſtood ſtill, and languiſht, ſeeking in his fury for a knife to kill himſelf, and looking for a window to throw out himſelf. But why with a ſingle drop of inke, ſtrive I to repreſent a vaſt Ocean of furies and agonies? Is it not a rude and barbarous thing, to ment the mind of others, with the dreadfull imaginations of a Father, that hath loſt his onely *Son*.

Reader, few words. When he had paid that tribute of paſſions to his ſenſes, which ſo great a diſaſter requir'd, he cauſed the corps to be carried to the Sepulcher of the *Saint*, and ſo powerfully prayed, that his *Son* was reſtored to life. And becauſe the miracle may more clearly appear, at the very ſame inſtant, when his *Son* regained life, the children drowned with him, appeared there ſafe and ſound, nor could it be known how they came to that place.

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Deſpair of drowning any, O rivers, with your inundations, for from the ſacred tombe, where the aſhes of our *Saint* are contained, flowes a fountain of graces which reſtores again the life, ye deſtroy, and take away. Nor think ye, that becauſe ye are rivers, ye are conquer'd by his power, for even the greateſt Oceans ſubmit to his force.

In the City of *Lisbone* lived a ſiſter of *St. Anthony*, who married to a Gentleman of quality, had a Son called *Pariſius*. To relate her ſweet conditions, 'tis enough that ſhe had the ſame Mother with our Saint, and though no other Character ſhe had had, then that alone of ſuch conſanguinity with him, 'twas enough to make her famous to the World, not only to *Lisbone*. To hear ſtill the glories of her Brother, and ſee his name reſpected by all, obliged her to conſider, how a perſon ſo related to her, in ſo ſhort a ſpace of time, had aſcended to that merit. Then calling to her memory his preſence, and ſhape, his civility, behaviour, and the innocent adventures which befell them, while they lived together in the houſe of their Father, ſhe felt ſhe was tranſported in that manner with devotion, that ſighing from the bottom of her heart, ſhe

ſpake

ſpake thus. Ah, whither art thou gone O my Brother? and where haſt thou left thy dear Siſter, whom thou lovedſt ſo affectionately here? Doſt thou, who full of ſplendour, art made a Star in Heaven, and caſting down thy eye from above, beholdeſt how the Men, thy interceſſions have obliged, do thank God for thee, remember thy Siſter, and family. Ah, if my relation to thee, can incline thee to favour me, give me leave I beſeech thee, to commend my ſoul and body to thee, our Parents, my Husband, and my Son, for whom I particularly entreat thee. Ah, do thou, I pray thee who ſeeſt in the glaſs of divinity, what fortune will befall him, what good, and bad ſucceſſes he ſhall meet with, how long he ſhall live, and what end he ſhall have, aſſiſt him, and cauſe, that he taking example from thee, may no wayes degenerate from thy blood, in his duty, and devotion to Heaven, and imitation of thy footſteps.

So ſpake the good Gentlewoman, who diſtill'd devout tears out of tenderneſs, and deſiring to educate her Son, with all Chriſtian diligence, that was poſſible, took no greater pleaſure and content, then to graft vertuous qualities in his mind.

Now when he was arriv'd near the end

of

often years, and began to be fashion'd, and active, he, to divert himself took aboat with his companions, and rowed up and down the Seacoast.

The *Sea* was very calm, and treacherously concealing a tempest, invited them abroad, but a storm on the suddain arising, turned the boat topsy turvy, and drowned them.

The rowers themselves would have all been likewise lost, if nature instructing them to repell force by force, they had not by swimming preserved themselves. But *Parisius* unacquainted with that art, soon perisht in the waters.

The report of that disaster being carried on the wings of the wind, which had raised the tempest, immediatly arrived at the ears of his Parents. Whereupon his father hastning with all speed to the shore, caused some fishermen to search for the body of his son. Every one may imagine how he grieved in the mean time, and wept, especially when he saw for a long time together, they could not finde the body. O God! To what disastrous tryals of affection, is a father often subject, and reserved. The carkass being found in the end, 'tis compassion to conceal the afflictions of the mother.

He

He had been kept a day, and a night in the house, and beginning now to putrifie; the Priests and the Friars were come to convey him to the grave, when his divout mother, who had never ceased weeping and praying, renewed her tears, and prayers to the Saint, and so passionately and earnestly besought him (promising if he reviv'd to make him a Fryar of his *Seraphical* Order) that he mov'd by her tears, obtain'd his life of God, causing him in the presence of many standers by to rise and live again.

So *Parisius* restored to the light of the World, when he was of an age to perform his mothers vow, took the habit of St. *Francis*, and in a sacred Cloyster living vertuously, and exemplarily, dyed many years after very holily there.

The Fourt Chapter.

THere is no greater wonder to me, then to consider, that a Gentleman in an eminent condition, is as subject to mortality as the meaneſt, and most miserable person. He is borne great and noble, though 'tis not his merit, but good luck, to be born so, and swadled in cloaths, which for beauty, and value may contend

tend with Heavens zones, no ſooner begins to cry out in his cradle, but many Servants waiting upon him, ſtand ready about him, to remove all diſturbance, and annoyance from him.

Then brought up with qualities, which are ſo rare, and exquiſite, they pretend not as it were, to be Earthly, he arrives not at the years of underſtanding & reaſon, but ſeeing among other humble houſes, his own, like a Gyant, obtain the name of a Pallace, and beholding the walls cloath'd with proud and ſtately hangings (but the Churches, of God unfurniſht and bare) and minding onely houſehold-ſtuffe, plate, attendance, obſequiouſneſs, and the homages of all he beholds, he thinks himſelf divine and immortall.

With a high, and lofty forehead, a proud look and haughty behaviour, he diſdains to caſt his eyes on the Earth, being affraid with an humble aſpect, to prejudice, and diminiſh the nobility he boaſts of. Now if he ſhould be askt, if his skin and fleſh be penetrable, and ſubject to corruption, his blood red like others, and he lyable to paſſions, to anguiſh, diſeaſes, and miſeries, as the vileſt of Creatures, what anſwer could he poſſibly give? Is it not a madneſs worthy

of

of laughter, like that of *Democritus*, to ſee, that a Man, who differs not from the poor in the manner of his birth & his ſorrows, and hath as much need of air to breath in, of light to look about him, of meat to ſuſtain him, and cloath to apparrell him, as the greateſt beggar living, whoſe wit, and whoſe ſenſes are equall, and often inferiour to the deſpicableſt perſon, becauſe he differs from him in fortune (then which there is nothing more inſtable, and more tranſitory) ſhould be ſo farr above him in his thoughts, as to ſcorn to converſe with him? Since therefore 'tis a truth, that the greateſt perſons living are ſubject to miſeries, it will not be ſtrange, that *Aldonza* the Infanta of *Portugall* was ſick.

The Heireſs of that Kingdom, and delight of her Parents, had afflicted all with her malady, and forc't the eyes of all to bewail her infirmity.

How could a diſeaſe invade thoſe royal lodgings, where Men, becauſe fained, do ſerve inſtead of Tapiſtries, and Tapiſtries, becauſe ply able, ſhew how Men ſhould live in Courts? Could not the cloth of State, with that Majeſtick pompe, preſerve her in health, whom the titles of Highneſs and Serenity, do tickle with a ſeeming immortality? Now

Now the ſickneſs of the *Infanta Aldonza* being ſo much the more grievous, becauſe the more unknown, the famouſeſt Phyſitians of *Europe* were ſent for to *Lisbone*, who tormenting her with ſeverall medicines, inſtead of aſſiſting her, did her very much harm. She therefore conſuming by little and little, being equally deprived of hope, and remedy, ſhewed the ruines and decay of that beauty, which had made her ſeem an Angel to all that beheld her. But the fleſh being gone from her cheeks, which before were freſh, and flouriſhing Aprills of humanity, and the luſtre of her eyes, from which the Stars acknowledged their brightneſs, grown dim, and obſcur'd, ſhe lookt like a skeleton cover'd over with skin, and conſuming made a tombe for her ſelf of her bones. Whereupon if her Parents wept much, and particularly the Queen was dying every minute of grief, 'tis as eaſie to believe, as probable to imagine.

But they with the reſt of the Court, had their ſorrow encreaſed, when the Infanta very weak, exhauſted, and fainting, was little leſs then dead. Then *Tereſa* (for ſo the Queen her Mother was call'd) growing ſtrong by deſpair, kneel'd down

down on the ground, and lifting up her eyes towards Heaven, ſaid thus.

St. *Anthony*, who in ſo many parts of the World, both in life, and in death, haſt aſſiſted, afflicted and diſconſolate perſons, comfort me now, who, while thou waſt alive, was, as I am now, thy faithfull humble *Servant*. Comfort me a ſad, and moſt ſorrowfull Mother, for the death of my daughter, who ſtill was devoted to thee. O Saint, who in *Italy*, haſt reſtor'd ſo many dead unto life, free from death my Daughter, the Heireſs of the Kingdom thou waſt born in.

And purſuing her prayers, with expreſſions and tears, which would have mov'd a ſtone to compaſſion, ſhe entreated ſo the Saint, that by divine favour he appearing to the *Infanta*, ſaid thus unto her. Behold O Daughter, by the prayers of thy Mother, God ſends me to tell thee, it is at thy choice, to go now to Heaven with me, or for the conſolation of the Kingdom, to remain ſtill alive in the World.

Aldonza at theſe words returning to herſelf, open'd her eyes with wonder and joy, and ſeeing her advocate, which none elſe beheld, humbly anſwer'd in this manner. Since God, O my bleſſed

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Protector, by thy interceſſion and means is pleaſed to give me liberty, to go with thee to Heaven, or remain ſtill on Earth, I refuſe not the one, nor diſlike of the other. But if for the comfort of my dear and affectionate Mother, thou wouldſt have me live a little while longer, I will willingly do ſo.

Then do ſo, O my Daughter, *St. Anthony* replied, and giving her a cord, ſaid kiſs this cord in witneſs of thy health, which ſhe taking into her hand, as if ſhe had awaked out of a very great ſleep, brake out in this manner. Behold my dear Mother, the glorious St. *Anthony* gives me his cord to kiſs, and together with my life, hath obtained my health. But the Queen ſeeing no body there, knew her daughter was recover'd by the Saints interceſſion.

Whereupon all the Kingdom extolling the miracle, the People no leſs ſhewed their gladneſs, in honour of the *Saint*, then in memory of the favour the *Infanta* had received.

So the bonfires, and other ſignes of joy, which dayly were reſplendent, in the teſtimony of the holineſs of our Saint, made every one hope to have a Protector in Heaven, which never would abandon them.

them. But the Devil, who, like a Serpent, the more he is troden on, the more he is incenſed, and angry, omitting no attempt for the gaining of ſouls, did all in his power, to cauſe as much ill to mankind, as our *S*aint had done good.

In *Santareno* a Village in *Portugall* reſided a Woman, who violating her faith as often to her husband, as ſhe had opportunities of being diſhoneſt, was ſo ſhameleſs in ſinning, ſhe ſuppoſed not that adultery redounded to her infamy, but rather was a credit, and a grace unto her, making therefore that progreſs in her ſins, that ſhe thought no repentance could cancell them, ſhe began to reflect on the glory of Heaven, and the happineſs ſhe had loſt, by ſuch vile and wicked courſes.

Being ſad then, and penſive, and having many tempeſts in her minde, ſhe was altogether unacquainted with repoſe. To weep, beat her breaſt, ask pardon of God, figh, faſt, and not ſleep, were her daily entertainments, ſo as grown lean, and meager, ſhe ſeem'd not the ſame diſſolute perſon, who before was ſo beautifull, and merry.

Often at midnight, when ſilence made the tyrant of Darkneſs, invaded with ſleep

the liberty of her eyes, she seeing in a dream all the horrours of hell, was so melancholy and sad, that she thought she could obtain no forgiveness of God, unless in satisfaction of her errours, she made away her self.

Being therefore accustom'd to nourish such thoughts, she mused on nothing, but poysons, knives, halters, precipices, and drownings, but yet in the midst of these frights remembring St. *Anthony*, to whom she had alwayes been devoted, she earnestly recommended her self to his help and protection.

But the *Devil* perceiving, she was fairly advanc't in the way of despair, very diligently sollicited the loss of her soul, appearing one day unto her in the form of a crucifix, and shewing her his head crown'd with thornes, his hands, and his feet gor'd with nails, his side pierc't with a lance, his heart distilling water and blood, and his body black and blew, and wounded all over.

Behold he said, O Woman, what I, to redeem thee, have endur'd, and yet thou ingratefull for all this great love, hast not ceased to offend me with thy infinite transgressions. Now since thy offences are incapable of pardon, except by thy death, I love thee so well, because thou art

art my Creature, that I come here in person to tell thee, if out of contrition thou wilt drown thy self in *Tagus*, soon after thy death I'le receive thee into glory.

Having said, he vanisht, and leaving only horrour, and dreadfulness behind him, infected the Air.

Now when the poor woman had seen so strange a vision, we may easily imagine how afflicted she remain'd, who quickly would have follow'd his counsel, if her Angel Guardian withholding her invisibly, she had not thought it best, to deferr it for a while. So while she sigh'd and sob'd, being irresolute what to do, her husband unexpectedly arriving, and enquiring the cause of her sadness was inform'd of all, and hearing the visions of crucifixes, and the counsell that was given her, to go and drown her self, reprov'd her sharply, and telling her she was mad, and possest, put her so into despair, that she went to throw her self into the river.

That day by good fortune, was the feast of *St. Anthony*, whereupon as she passed that way, I know not by what means, she went into his Church, and kneeling at the Altar, pray'd devoutly to him, that he would reveal it to her, if 'twas the will of God, she should drown

her ſelf, or no. The throngs of the people, which came, and went away, the ornaments, the lights, the muſick, and incenſe ſhould have been ſufficient arguments to cheer and encourage her, yet ſhe bathing her prayers with her tears, and looking ſo pale, and ſo ſad, as would have even ſoften'd a diamond it ſelf, ſhe ſo wearyed her ſelf with praying that ſhe falling aſleep, heard the Saint ſpeak to her in this manner, look in thy lap for a writing, which as ſoon as thou haſt read, thou ſhalt be free from all diabolical vexation.

The woman awaking; and finding in her lap the writing aforeſaid, ſaw it was of this tenor, *Behold the wood of the Croſs, fly ye adverſe parties, the Lion of the Tribe of* Judah *hath o'recome, Alleluja Alleluja.*

She no ſooner had done reading thoſe words (O wonder of our Saint) but finding her ſelf reſtored to her former condition, chac't away the extravagant viſion, and knew it was only a deceit of the Devil. Whereupon giving thanks to the Saint with the powers of her ſoul, ſhe returned ſafe and joyful to her home, and relating the buſineſs to her incredulous husband, and ſhewing him the writing,

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did not ceaſe to prayſe her advocate.

That heavenly note was an inviſible Key, which opening her husbands underſtanding, made him fully comprehend, that his wife was ſet at liberty by the miracle of our *S*aint, ſo as he going inſtantly to the King, acquainted him with it, who deſirous to ſee it, made him bring it to him with all ſpeed.

But no ſooner the woman was deprived of the paper, which as a white ſhield made in heaven, defended her from evil, and infernal opppreſſion, but the devill returning upon her, began more then ever to torment her. Her Husband knew the cauſe of her ſufferings, whereupon he humbly begged of the King to reſtore that holy writing, but could not prevail, for the King having tryed it on ſome women poſſeſt with miraculous effect, preſerved it as a relique, and laid it up carefully amongſt his choyceſt things.

This his cruelty to the woman ſeeming ſtrange unto many, ſome Fryars of St. *Francis* repaired to his Majeſty to entreat him at leaſt to give her a coppy of the writing, to which he conſenting, ſhe no ſooner had the ſame, but with a greater wonder then the former, found her ſelf quite recovered.

Wherefore all giving thanks to the Saint, for the ſpace of twenty years which ſhe afterwards lived very penitently and well, ſhe never more was troubled at all.

But though *Portugal* aſſiſted in this manner by our Saint, did not make the reſt of *Europe* repine, and envy it, yet *Italy* ſtill deſirous of his favors, the more it received every day, the more thirſted after them.

In *Padoua* was a building, which ſeated on the one ſide: near the famous Phyſick Garden, and near two noble Churches on the other, the Saints, and St. *Juſtines* was commonly called *il Maglio*.

This Fabrick made the ſtorehouſe for the publick defence, beſides many pieces of braſs, had a very great quantity of powder, which was kept in the bowels of a very ſtrong tower.

O dreadfull ſeed of death, found out by mans wit, as if the act of dying, grown barren by long uſe, had wanted fertility to contrive our deſtruction.

Now the powder taking fire by ſome accident, ſent a great cloud of ſmoak into the air, which forerunning the deſtruction that enſu'd, made the Sun mourn for pitty. Two dreadfull claps of thunder following after, which for ma-

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ny miles together, made deaf the inhabitants, overthrew both the tower, and the buildings, and with the great force of the blow, ruin'd many great houſes, and pallaces thereabouts.

To ſee flie to Heaven, huge ſtones, long beams, tiles, iron, great planks, Men, and beaſts, with many other ponderous implements, and to ſee, that all theſe things mixt with ſmoak, and with duſt, like a deluge of deſtruction, rain'd down on the river, and the neighbouring Monaſteries, breaking roofs, and ſpoiling walls, was to be a Spectator of the end of the World.

The *Padouans* therefore pale, and halfe dead, had not force to cry out, but immoveable like ſtatues (having paid the firſt motions to humanity by their tears) fell a running towards the ruines.

And behold (though yet buried in the darkneſs, and duſt) a piazza is preſented to their eyes in that place, where a little before many houſes appear'd, which in the heaps of timber and Stones, ſhewed the horrid confuſion of the mixture, and poſture of things, yet the horrour was as great, as was the deſtruction, with which it was cover'd.

The cries and tears of them, who bewail'd

wail'd their buri'd Parents, and the goods they had loſt, (adding miſery by this means to the fearfull diſaſter) made it dreadfuller, and more lamentable.

The Magiſtrates therefore cauſing the ruines to be ſearcht, to fiſh as it were for dead bodies in a ſea whoſe waves were broken ſtones, among others cruſht to pieces, under a great heap of rubbiſh ſix foot high, found two children killed and ſmothered.

The one was a boy of three years old, whoſe name was *Francis Anthony*, the Son of a Cobler, and the other called *Mary*, a girle of that age, a poor Stone-cutters Daughter.

Being received into the arms of their Parents, who is able to conceive without ſorrow, how they wept, and lamented over them! The children in their boſoms had enclos'd their Fathers hearts, ſo as 'tis not ſtrange, that they grieved without end.

They, carri'd one after another to the Arke of the Saint, with a faith that was able, to remove the very Mountains themſelves, after long and earneſt prayers, were reſtored both to life, of which authentick proceſs being made (it happening in the Year 1617. on the 24th. of *May*) gave occaſion to our age of great wonder and devotio